YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

TARGET FOR TONIGHT

How To Get a Job After You're Discharge

SEE PA

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GUNNING THE NAZIS. From the belly of his bomber, Sgt. William Watts of Alexandria, La., fires a machine gun at attacking Nazi planes during a flight "somewhere in the European theater."

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U.S. bombers over an American airport in England.

How does it feel to bomb France and then find yourself with one motor dead and a flock of ME-110s between yourself and England?

By Sgt. JACK SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON [By Radio]—Our planes were over Lorient, important German U-boat base on the coast of France. Suddenly one of the B-17s slipped away from the group, its right wing broken off where it had been riddled by enemy fire. Seven chutes popped out, white against the black puffs of flak.

Our bombardier had his eye pressed against the bombsight. "Level it! Level it!" he screamed at the pilot. "We're in on the run! Damn it—level it!"

Directly ahead of us, bombs were dropping out of planes that seemed to be stacked one on top of the other. They all carried 5,000-pounders.

Our two captains, Navigator Ralph Hausman and Bombardier Santoro, scratched frantically at the frost-covered windows, trying to get clear vision. At 24,000 feet the nose had become covered with ice.

"Nine o'clock! Nine o'clock! Five fighters coming in!" Hausman shouted into the intercommunication phone.

It'd been different coming over. Then it was tense with a strange sort of expectancy. It had been misty. Flying at 1,500 feet over the Channel is always misty and soupy. Keeping out of Jerry's radio screen hadn't been fun either: it meant flying additional miles to avoid detection.

"Damn it," the bombardier had said. "I never remember to bring those sun glasses along."

Every now and then the sun struck sharply through the nose of the plane. The navigator was busy at the table with his charts. This was his day. We were flying by dead reckoning. Whether our approach was to be a success or failure depended on the lead navigator.

The planes began to climb a little, and off to the left another group joined the flying in a tight gray formation. All England was spread out below quiet and peaceful.

The formation was beautiful. The planes had closed in in perfect order. Santoro was explaining to me how to use the .30-caliber gun sticking out of the nose of the ship. He was also telling me the procedure of bailing out.

"For God's sake," he said, "don't get rattled. Just do what I do."

Hausman laughed. "What do you think he is, Santoro? Nuts?" Then he said to me, "Don't listen to him. All bombardiers are crazy."

A Mission of Importance

I had been told this was one of the most important missions, if not the most important, of the year. Lorient was honeycombed with vital enemy installations, power plants, submarine pens, a German railroad.

The sky around us was black with Fortresses.

"We're nearing the coast now," Capt. Bob Campbell warned through the intercommunication. "Keep your eyes open all the way. We may get fighters from two directions—Brest and Lorient."

Sgt. Jack Scott at his machine-gun post in a bomber.

Every three minutes the bombardier echoed the pilot's words, always with a few terse additions. I was told to shoot my gun into the water below to test for jams and correct sighting. Everybody on the ship did the same thing.

The bombardier was dark and hard-looking; he kept chewing gum furiously. The navigator was short and heavy with a pink cherubic face. He kept making marks with a blue pencil on the map spread on the table before him.

I was nervous. The sun made the inside of the nose like a hotbox. Sweat drying on our sheepskin clothing made a strong odor inside.

After what seemed hours, we got there. The planes climbed quickly until they hit 24,000 feet.

Suddenly Santoro started swearing. "Damn the tricky bastards. Look at them come in."

There were the Jerries, polished and shined so slick and clean they were barely discernible in the clear sky. With Hausman's shots, they bellied up, scooted over on their backs and veered back out of range.

The ship gave a little jerk as each of the bombs let go. Through the flak we could see the bombs blasting what looked to be a railroad yard and a large bridge.

Then the wing of that Fortress next to us

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broke off, and the men bailed out of the ship.

"ME cannon blast from your side," Hausman said.

Santoro and I looked out of the frosted windows and saw two ME-110s screaming in at 300 mph, vague, elusive targets. We threw burst after burst at them. The empty shell cases rained around our feet, making a thin, tinny noise in the din of shouting men and gunfire.

Then, through the intercommunication phone, the pilot was telling the co-pilot that the supercharger on the No. 3 engine had blown off. If we weren't lucky making the turn and heading back over the Channel with the rest of the group, our ship would be a nice clay pigeon for the Nazis.

A Long Journey Home

That wasn't so nice. Even with thousands of pounds of bombs cascading down on them, the Jerries below were tossing back plenty of flak. It began to get heavier as our planes started to turn back toward the water.

Up in the nose, our bursts had driven the MEs, their bellies up, back across the sky. Capt. Campbell tore the heart out of the ship and goosed her back into formation.

The German fighters didn't follow the Forts. They couldn't risk running out of gas and dropping into the water. Neither could they risk the deadly accuracy of the Forts' gunners.

It was cool and quiet now. The sky looked peaceful and lovely. The planes skipped down from the high altitude, and the men relaxed.

"Don't let down, men," the pilot said in his Texan drawl. "Those bastards from Brest may still come prowling around."

Hausman tore the wrapper off a box of Zulu crackers and passed them around.

"I don't mind taking a banging over the target if it's a good job," Santoro said. "But I hate to sweat out the ride home."

Hausman chuckled. "You should this one, kid. We've been in the air for seven solid hours now and have flown nearly 1,400 miles."

Santoro whistled. "That's the longest mission I've ever been on."

"You mean the longest you ever are on. We're still in the air. Remember? You're the bombardier, and this is a nice little airplane. That's a whole lot of nice water down there, too," Hausman said.

"Ah, cut it out, Hausman. Look, I got a date tonight with my honey. Do you think we'll make it to base?"

Hausman was at the charts. "No, we'll never make it back. We don't have enough gas, and besides we've got a bum engine. We'll set down somewhere off the coast."

Santoro moaned. I wasn't in the mood for this. I could still see those parachutes over Lorient.

"Look at this compass," Hausman said. The needle was jumping, and Hausman explained how Jerry was trying to coax us off the flasher beacon and over on to his own guns.

The co-pilot stuck his head through the hatch and told the three of us in the nose that we were landing on the coast.

A Landing Just in Time

"Good job," Hausman said, his chubby face creasing in a grin. "That gas gauge is eating its way down to nothing."

The brown and green patchwork of the English countryside became clear and once more closed in beneath us. Bob Campbell leveled off the plane, circled and brought her in neatly. RAF men in coveralls waved him toward the dispersal bay, and the crew climbed out.

Eight hours in the air is a long, long time. I didn't realize how tired I was until I tried to walk across the tarmac with my flying boots on. I took them off, but I was still tired.

The native reads Wolfram's letter from the FBI but he doesn't know what the hell to do either.

You Can't Fool With the FBI; When They Wantcha, They Getcha

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST — Recently, Benton Harbor (Mich.) draft authorities sent T/5 Orville A. Wolfram of Fort Atkinson, Wis., a notice to drop in and talk over his selective service status. Then he received notice to appear in New York City for physical examination. Neither of these notifications, sent to him through his APO, gave him much worry. But now he's studying a letter from the FBI, telling him to let them know of his whereabouts immediately or things will happen with a G-Man escort.

Having already served 21 months in the U. S. armed forces and being here in the Middle East some thousands of miles overseas, he's a little mixed up.

—Cpl. JOHN R. EVANS
YANK Field Correspondent

After Thelepte and Gafsa Any GI Could Write a Book

ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT—After a siege in this sector, any GI could write a book. There's rarely a dull moment between Thelepte and Gafsa.

A P-38 pilot returned to base with one engine gone and a bullet through his wrist. Noticing his flying jacket was torn, he looked inside and was flabbergasted to discover a whole 20-mm shell which is supposed to explode on contact.

Another first looey in a B-26 had the silver bar shot off his right shoulder.

A German antitank gunner, Franz Linder by name, was shot through the stomach during a scrap around Sened. Captured, he was rushed to the rear for treatment. He regained consciousness on the operating table and asked, "Where am I?" When they told him that he was in an American hospital, he hauled off and socked the surgeon in the nose.

Proof of the deadly efficiency of U. S. raiding planes was provided by three Austrians who deserted and surrendered to an American patrol. "We couldn't stand the terrible bombing and strafing any longer," said the spokesman. "It was our worst experience since the Russian winter. Three of our companies have 60 percent casualties."

Two officers pitched a pup tent and left several hand grenades outside. Arabs stole the grenades believing them to be a strange species of nut, as one of the survivors later explained. Unable to open the "nuts" with their bare hands, they tried to crack them with rocks. Why say more?

During a tank attack on Sened, one U. S. scout car flushed a rabbit. The startled driver momentarily forgot the battle, and the frenzied rabbit took off for the hills with one scout car after him and .50-caliber bullets tearing about his feet.

Lt. Mark K. Shipman, 22, of Fresno, Calif., blew into headquarters practically nude. It developed that he had been shot down in his fighter plane in enemy territory. "Friendly" Arabs offered to carry his kit, including his pistol. In no time at all, the lieutenant was left only his trousers and wedding ring. He had to cut off half his trousers to make shoes; his only nourishment was obtained by sucking a goat's udder.

Cpl. Jose Villarreal of San Benito, Tex., and Pfc. Ernest Belcher of Hazy, W. Va., had a story-book escape after being captured by eight Italian tanks. Just when they figured all was lost, two Spitfires came over on a hot strafing mission. As their Italian captors hit the dirt, Villarreal and Belcher lit out for the hills. And they made it, returning the next day to join their reconnaissance outfit.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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Yanks at Home Abroad

This Signal Corps photo shows actual mopping-up operations in New Guinea. When picture was made, Japs were firing at these U. S. infantrymen.

When an Outfit Moves up in New Guinea, They Always Tell the Quartermaster First

NEW GUINEA [By Radio] — Sprawled across several hundred yards of muddy tropical shoreline is a GI supermarket that overcame all sorts of natural and enemy-made difficulties here to get food, clothing and equipment to the American soldiers.

Officially called the Quartermaster Supply Depot, it stands as one of the unsung achievements of the war in the southwest Pacific.

When the QMC men first arrived, their area was nothing but a barren field with three old barns. In three months time they converted it into a booming tent city rumbling with unit supply trucks. The output of the depot tripled within two months.

The problem of supply, a tough nut to crack behind any battlefront, is even tougher here where outfits are spread all over the jungles and mountains. The roads, even though they've been improved by the engineers, are still bumpy, rutted and in some places almost impassable. Intense heat spoils food unless it's consumed shortly after arrival. Hard rains slow up transportation and ruin such items as breakfast cereals. Refrigeration is unheard of in the average mess tent here. Outfits constantly are on the move and seldom know exactly where they'll be located when it's time for the next meal.

In the face of these obstacles, the depot has supplied men all over the island with increasing speed and regularity. Canned food is no longer the only ration in New Guinea. Fresh meat, fruits and vegetables arrive by plane, in ship refrigerators, and are shipped out in mobile refrigerator trucks.

American troops who used to get nothing but C and D rations now are provided with fruit juices, peanut butter, jam and other delicacies as often as QMC men can find a place for them on the transport planes that shuttle back and forth between the battlefront and rear areas.

The depot men say that outfits just arriving at the island drop around to see them before reporting anywhere else. Therefore the depot keeps up-to-the-minute on locations of units all over the island. Whenever the personnel section or someone else wants to know where an outfit is, it telephones QMC. Occasionally even the depot loses track of an outfit. The unit will draw food and supplies for a month and then disappear from the bivouac area. But sooner or later it will send word back that it has moved and its rations are nearly exhausted.

Evidently, these South Sea Islanders like U. S. jeeps.

Gentlemen back in Washington who turn out the field manuals might frown at this depot. In discussing supply, manuals specify that supplies must travel through official channels—corps to division, division to regiment, regiment to battalion, battalion to company. In New Guinea, however, every unit, no matter how small, may be supplied directly by the depot in order to avoid red tape, prevent foods from spoiling and save gasoline. The depot feeds units as small as 15 men and as large as 6,000.

There are two officers in charge of the depot, Capt. David Henry from Draper, S. Dak., and Lt. Louis Kahn from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sgt. Paul Hal D. Orson from Bellingham, Wash., is chief clerk in charge of the enlisted men. The most hectic experience he had in New Guinea was the first time fresh meat arrived.

"All we had for communications was an old hand-cranking field telephone," he says. "I had to crank and talk myself hoarse for four straight hours one afternoon phoning every individual unit to tell them to pick up the meat because we didn't have trucks enough to get it to them before it would spoil."

A Negro quartermaster truck outfit works hand in hand with the depot transporting supplies. Bad roads and heavy rains are just part of the day's routine to them. They can tell you in a flash the location of any unit within trucking distance of the depot.

Pvt. Claude J. Taylor of Franklin, Ky., and his fellow drivers work in shifts of 12 hours each, so that half the drivers are on duty at any given hour of the day.

S/Sgt. James C. Kelly, a former Chicago bookie, now warehouse man, passes out the stuff. Egg powder and powdered milk, he explains, are issued in place of fresh dairy products which spoil too rapidly to be brought from Australia.

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Heavy canvas desert water bags are very popular because they keep the water cool in this land of no refrigerators or ice boxes. Shorts and tropical helmets are in great demand in the rear areas. The latest thing in footwear for jungle combat is a soft leather moccasin type of shoe. For combat, of course, nothing beats a mottled green camouflaged fatigue uniform.

There's no beer or coke in New Guinea, but the QMC gang has developed a beverage that's a tropical Mickey Finn. It's called "Air Raid Juice." To make it, the men put grape juice, dried apricots or peaches in a bowl and let the bowl stand in the sizzling sun for a few days. The juice and fruit ferment. Then a little water is added to this alcoholic concoction and you've got a drink that makes a Zombie as tame as pink lemonade by comparison. Chief brewmaster of this drink is Pvt. Art Vantsdal who used to sell real estate in Portland, Oreg., but now works as a clerk.

Bushy-haired New Guinea natives are used by the depot to load and unload goods. In charge of them is Pvt. Francis Lambert of Bay City, Mich., former automobile plant worker. He isn't bothered by the fact that the natives are related to fierce headhunters who live less than 200 miles from the depot. He's even catching on to their language. Natives look upon him with awe and respect.

"I have a beautiful set of upper false teeth," Lambert says. "Whenever the natives slack up in their work, I simply take out my teeth. It scares hell out of them."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Having a Fine Time, and Certainly Wish You Were Here. (Oh, Yeah?)

LOSEY FIELD, PUERTO RICO—The next time S/Sgt. Claude B. Smith of Wink, Tex., spends the night up in the hills of this part of Puerto Rico, he won't try to put himself to sleep winking the bulb of a signal flashlight.

One evening when he was free from his duties with the communications section of this air base, he made a trip to a nearby ranger lodge in the U. S. Forest Reserve with another Texan, S/Sgt. J. C. Lucros of Bay City, and a couple of Oklahoma corporals, John N. Ward and Robert R. McCurdy, for a quiet evening of peace and relaxation. He happened to have along with him one of those fancy C-3 signal lights with a trigger flashing apparatus like an automatic pistol.

Tunisian wounded are brought back by plane.

From the mountain cabin, Sgt. Smith had a clear moonlit view of Losey Field and decided to communicate with a friend there, sending some kind of message like, "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

Innocently enough he started to work the signal light. And immediately every telephone in almost every military headquarters on the island began to ring, reporting that an enemy agent in the hills was communicating with a Nazi submarine at sea.

The next day when Sgt. Smith returned to his outfit, he started to laugh when an officer told him about the alarm he had caused. But the laugh froze when the officer added casually that two Field Artillery batteries had trained their guns on his light, and a strong detachment of Infantry had started up the mountainside with machine guns to clean him out.

"The next time you go up there flashing lights," the officer said, "you better let us know about it."

"Sir," replied Sgt. Smith in a meek voice, "I don't think there is going to be any flashing of lights any more."

—YANK Field Correspondent

U.S. Airmen Pleased S. A. Mamas, Sisters, Cousins, Uncles and Aunts

TUCSON, ARIZ.—A bunch of American flyers and ground troops recently arrived at Davis-Monthan Field from South America, where they built air bases, patrolled the Pacific Coast, and acted as part-time ambassadors of good will.

Operating under agreements between the U. S. and a South American government, the AAF built airfields on the shifting sands of a country south of the equator, and began an aerial reconnaissance of the Pacific. They hung up a record of two years of flying without mishap.

Native food didn't agree with the American soldiers at first, and before they became accustomed to the steady diet of *pescade y arroz* (fish and rice), there was plenty of griping. There was a constant lack of supplies and a shortage of water.

Though the social customs of dating are rigid, the Americans ingratiated themselves to such a degree that mothers at times permitted their daughters to attend soldier-sponsored dances. One GI, Sgt. Joe Yannessa of New York, spent $21 to take a young lady out one evening.

"Her entire family," he said, "Jose, Pedro, Luis, the sisters, Maria and Flora, and everyone remotely akin accompanied us to the theater. After the show I wanted to take my girl to dinner. Sure enough, there was the rest of the family right behind us, following us into the restaurant."

—Sgt. SYDNEY R. NEMAROW

What's Your Problem?

Dear YANK:

I read an article in YANK which said there had been so many volunteers for overseas service at Marianna Air Field, Fla., that combat assignments had to be limited to men who had earned the chance to go abroad by hard work. Is it possible to volunteer for overseas duty? When I applied I was told that a soldier could not volunteer for combat duty. Have I been misinformed?

—Pvt. FRANK R. GERHARDT
Fort Benning, Ga.

■ Providing you have completed your basic training you can volunteer for overseas duty. You can do this by writing a letter through channels to the commanding general of your service command stating you are qualified to perform the duties in which you have received your basic training and that you wish to go overseas.

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Army for five months. In civilian life I used to make $65 per week. At home right now it's pretty tough-going for my wife, who gets only $50 a month. Her finances have been further strained since the birth of our baby on Sept. 12, 1942. My question is, will the baby receive an allotment or is it true that a child born after Sept. 8, 1942, will not get anything?

—Pvt. HARRY HONIGS
Fort Benning, Ga.

■ Your baby is a class A dependent and as such is entitled to a monthly allowance. The fact that the child was born after Sept. 8, 1942, doesn't affect the case at all. If you haven't filed an application since the baby's birth, here's the procedure you should follow: Obtain from your CO an application form, fill it out and return it to him. He'll do the rest. A service man's wife who has one child is eligible to receive $40 a month in addition to the $22 he contributes. In other words, your wife is entitled to $62 a month instead of the $50 she is now getting.

Dear YANK:

Most of us learn how to adjust ourselves and live in these new lands through the experience of others and by hit or miss methods of our own. Having spent our lives in the States, we have to learn to acclimate ourselves to new conditions, and some times it's a problem. Being in the Air Corps, I see things of a mechanical nature ever so often that might be easier to iron out if we had a few tips about them. The line chiefs can't know everything. For instance, if anyone knows a way of getting compressed air for pumping up struts and tires other than a hand pump (my back still aches) or air compressor, I'd sure like to hear from him.

Also, does any one know a good way to keep the scum off the surface of the water in the GI wash? It's a little thing to be sure, but still it's a damn nuisance, especially when you're doing KP at the officers' mess and a couple of "brass hats" come by wanting to know why the hell it isn't kept clean. It's kind of disconcerting when you've scorched your arm for the past hour attempting to keep it skimmed off. Then we were stationed one place on the beach where surf boards were available. A lot of us could wade out to where the water was deep enough to ride in a breaker, but none of us knows how to ride one beyond that depth. We knew that the natives down at Hawaii can swim out several hundred feet and ride them in, but we don't know how and we'd sure like to learn.

—Pfc. JACK M. DARRAH
Dakar

■ If you can offer Pvt. Darrah any suggestions, write him c/o YANK.

Dear YANK:

I was a gunner in the Field Artillery from 1934-38 including overseas duty, then had four years clerical experience in civil service. In 1942 I re-enlisted. My qualification card recommended me for assignment to Air Corps or finance, but I wound up somewhere else. Also, please advise procedure of an enlisted man obtaining reimbursement from the WD for personal effects lost with barracks bag at port of embarkation, the above being lost by the post quartermaster before sailing.

—Pvt. STANLEY OLCZAK
Fiji Islands

■ Present an itemized list of the effects lost to your CO, with complete explanation of how they were lost; probably won't help but you might try. As for classification, there may not be an opening in your specialty.

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of your magazine I read an article on the ribbons given to men who are overseas. I spent eight months in Northern Ireland and am now back in the States, but I haven't received my ribbons yet. Is there any provision made in this country for the boys who have come back to obtain these ribbons?

—Cpl. WILLIAM J. CULHANE
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

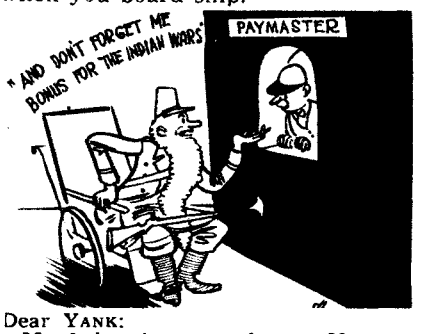
■ Provision has been made for distribution of campaign ribbons in this country to soldiers who didn't get them overseas. The best way to obtain one is to ask your CO to make a requisition on the nearest Quartermaster. The Quartermaster will either have the ribbons now, or he will have them in the near future. If you feel like spending your own money, most of the local military stores are carrying them now.

Dear YANK:

I would like to know if it is permissible to take a movie camera oversea. If so, do I have to get special permission?

—Pvt. J. PSZENNY
Fort George G. Meade, Md.

■ You may take a camera overseas provided it is not in your immediate possession while en route. Ask your CO to put it under lock and key when you board ship.



Dear YANK:

My father has served over 20 years in the National Guard prior to going into the federal service. Can he claim longevity pay for that time, and if so, when was the bill passed? Also, is a man, who has served in the National Guard, eligible to receive retirement pay without serving his full time in the regular service?

—Pvt. JOHN TEARSE
Ruston Internment Camp, La.

■ Your father is entitled to longevity pay for National Guard service. For every three-year hitch, he will be paid 5 percent of his basic pay in addition to his regular pay. Longevity pay was authorized under the provisions of the WD bulletin 28, section 9. The bill went into effect June 25, 1942. Answer to your second question is no. Your father has to sweat out 30 years of federal service before he's entitled to retirement pay. National Guard service is good for longevity pay but not for a pension.

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WAR IN THE BALKANS NEXT?

Rommel may retreat across the Mediterranean Sea toward Italy and Yugoslavia after he leaves encircled position in Tunisia.

WHILE the trap tightened around the Axis forces in Tunisia, reports came out of Ankara indicating that Field Marshal Rommel has made plans to evacuate North Africa by way of Italy and go on into Yugoslavia, establishing headquarters at Skoplje near the Bulgarian frontier. The same source reported that the German General Staff might establish its headquarters in Belgrade.

U. S. military experts in London, who figure that Rommel and Gen. von Arnim will be knocked out of Tunisia at the end of two months, consider these reports highly credible. The Axis forces in Yugoslavia could be used to bolster the German divisions in Russia; they could be used to suppress Yugoslavian guerrillas fighting against the Axis, and put down the recurrent Balkan uprisings; they could be available against an Allied invasion which the Nazis fear is aimed through Greece and the Dodecanese Islands.

That the Germans fear such an Allied attempt to liberate the Balkans is seen by the fact that they have been sending long range bombers to the Aegean Sea bases; they have ordered Salonika evacuated; strong defenses have been put up along the Macedonian and Thracian coastal regions. They have also put into effect harsh measures dealing with any anti-Axis activities or demonstrations in Greece, and at the same time are trying to woo Greek friendship with the shipment of food into Greece from Rumania.

Meanwhile, the best that can be said of the Axis forces in Tunisia is that they still have plenty of fight left in them, and what is more important, complete confidence in the ability of Rommel to pull them out of their predicament.

From a military point of view that is not much. In the middle sector, U. S. troops recovered practically all the ground they had lost in Rommel's original thrust. Americans overran Feriana, Sbeitla and Sidi Bou Zid. Rommel still held Gafsa, but his hold was precarious. French troops coming in from the south, were reported only 16 miles from the town.

In the north, von Arnim fought desperate hand-to-hand battles with the British First Army. He pushed it out of Sedjenane but lost 3,000 men and 30 tanks. The town was strategically unimportant. As long as the Allies held Beja and Medjez-el-Bab, von Arnim gained nothing.

In the south, Rommel threw his troops against Montgomery's Eighth Army, but the British repulsed wave after wave of the enemy with armor and artillery. Rommel lost 33 tanks and suffered heavy infantry casualties.

Montgomery pressed through the Mareth Gap toward the Tunisian coastal plain where, it seemed, the Americans, the British First Army and the French had Rommel bottled up at last.

Rommel, however, was accomplishing his objective—holding up invasion of Europe. No one had any hope that he would give up until the very last minute.

In the meantime, the British Eighth Army was fighting on ground as difficult as any yet encountered. The coastal plain is flanked by the Matmata Mountains, honeycombed with machine-gun nests and pill boxes, and the Mareth Line itself. There will be bloody encounters here before Rommel is dislodged.

Military observers in London consider Rommel's chances of escape into the Balkans very slim. Even now, one out of every three Axis supply and troop ships is sunk in the Mediterranean. With defeat in Tunisia an accomplished fact, Allied bombers and the British fleet would give the fleeing Axis forces terrific punishment.

Bad Week in Tunisia

SECRETARY Stimson disclosed that in one week of heavy fighting in the Tunisian campaign, more than 1,000 Axis prisoners were taken and American losses were 59 killed, 176 wounded and 2,007 missing.

"Losses on both sides have been substantial, but probably we are in a better position to replace ours," he said.

He made no estimate of Axis dead, but in that week more than 100 Axis tanks were captured or destroyed.

He added that a "considerable number of enemy forces were killed or wounded."

"American troops suffered their heaviest casualties during the week of Feb. 14 to 20, inclusive," Stimson said. "Probably most of those listed as missing were taken prisoner, but some may return to the American line. The reports are incomplete and our casualties may be higher."

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2, INP. 3, top, Sig. Corps; center, Cpl. Stephen Derry. 5, top, INP; bottom, Acme. 6, Sgt. Peter Paris. 8 & 9, Schnall. 12, top left, March of Time from Acme; top center, Acme; top right, PA; center left, PA; center, March of Time from Acme. 13, top left, INP; top right, March of Time from Acme; center left, Acme; center, INP; center right, March of Time from INP. 16, PA. 17, top left, Acme; center left, Paramount Pictures; right, PRO, Perrin Field, Tex. 20, Sgt. Bill Davidson. 21, top left, INP; top center, INP, top right, Acme. 23, bottom left, Acme; top right, PA.

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If the Army hands you a CDD tomorrow, the Selective Service System, which put you in uniform, will send you back to a good job in civilian clothes. Here's how they work it.

1 From discharge to job in six steps. In an Army hospital, Red Cross worker Irene Buckley helps wounded soldier fill out the Army Occupational and Educational Record, first step in a CDD's readjustment to civilian life. Form shows the GI's background, work history, training and job preference. He also indicates where he wants to live.

Back in home town a veteran, he uses through [illegible]

By Cpl. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

LESS than three months ago on a makeshift cot of planks and dry grass in an improvised field hospital somewhere in the South Pacific, a young corporal from Illinois lay critically wounded.

Although he knew he eventually would recover, the future looked pretty black. An Army doctor had told him that as soon as his condition permitted he would be shipped back to the States for further hospitalization. Then, upon his recovery, he would get a Certificate of Disability Discharge—the same CDD any GI might get at any time whether he's taking an azimuth on a Jap in New Guinea, strafing Nazis in North Africa, or dodging jeeps in a U. S. replacement center.

The soldier looked down at his right hand. It had got in the way of a Jap slug and two fingers and a thumb had been lopped off. As a former skilled instrument maker, he knew he would never work again at the only trade he knew.

"I got a great future," he said, staring at the three scarred stumps. "With a mitt like that, I'll never be able to make a living."

The doctor tried to reassure him: "It's tough, I know. But you'll make it all right. I'll bet you have a good job lined up before you're even discharged."

"Yeah? Who's gonna toss off that little miracle?"

"The Selective Service System."

"The Selective Service System? Are you kiddin'?"

The doctor wasn't kidding. Today, scarcely three months after he was wounded, the ex-corporal is back in civvies, plying a newly mastered trade in an essential industry, living in circumstances better than those he left to don the olive drab.

The Selective Service System, the organization which took him out of civilian life, had put him securely back into it.

The story is being repeated every day as wounded men return to civil life.

Inasmuch as the same machinery ultimately will operate to reestablish all returning Yanks in the Nation's economic and social life, it is a story which specifically affects every one of us—soldier, sailor, marine, and coast guardsman. To get this story, YANK went to the top of the Selective Service System. The doors were thrown wide open. The result is the first inside picture of the unprecedented Reemployment Division which, under federal law, has been established to make sure every man honorably discharged from the service either

1) gets his old job back and keeps it;
2) gets one just as good and keeps it;
3) gets a better one after special training at government expense; or
4) is properly cared for if unemployable in competitive work.

Wheels of the Draft in Reverse

Visualize the wheels of Selective Service turning backwards, selectively withdrawing men from service instead of putting them into it. At the war's end, that's what will happen. The entire mechanism of the draft will function in reverse.

Here's how the set-up works:

First of all, to each man, well in advance of his discharge from service, goes an Army Occupational and Educational Record. You are required to fill out this questionnaire, giving the complete dope on your background, training and experience, to show what kind of work you can do.

In addition, you indicate your preference both as to the type of work you'd like to do and where you'd like to do it. For example, if you were a farmer before the war but have lost interest in milking cows and planting corn, you write down that fact, and it will be seriously considered when your record is acted on.

The form, of course, also includes your military record. In case of casualties, a statement describing any handicap is appended, but this will be confidential and will not be shown to anyone without your OK. The Reemployment Division then indicates to potential employers whether you can do heavy, medium, or light work.

The next step is a letter from the Selective Service System to all men about to be discharged. This letter points out that the Reemployment Division is no political football to be kicked back and forth by vote-hungry politicians. It is firmly set in federal law (Sec. 8, Selective Service Act of 1940, as amended), and has only one reason for being—to see that you either get your old job back, or one just as good or better. To accomplish

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this, the letter explains, special Reemployment Committeemen have been appointed to serve on the 6,450 local draft boards in the U. S. One of these men—there will be one to about every 20 servicemen—will act as your personal representative and will help you get a new start as a civilian. Several other agencies will cooperate with the Reemployment Committeemen — the American Red Cross, the Federal Security Agency, the Veterans' Administration, and the United States Employment Service. The letter concludes:

"Your agents then for information and help are: (a) The Red Cross. Maintain contact with their hospital representative or their camp representative. (b) The local Reemployment Committeeman. Upon your discharge and arrival at the place to which you go, you should establish communication with the Reemployment Committeeman attached to the nearest local board and with the local Red Cross Chapter. Keep your contacts with them and let them know where you are."

Meanwhile, the information obtained on the Army Occupational and Educational Record is carefully analyzed at National Headquarters in Washington, and each man is classified according to

1) his background, training and experience;
2) his job preference, whether he wants his old job back or wants a new one;
3) his availability for vocational training and rehabilitation;
4) his preferred location;
5) his physical limitations, temporary and permanent.

The original of this form is kept in Washington, and as you return to civilian life every step is recorded so that your progress will be rapid and sensible. A copy of the record is sent to one of the Reemployment Committeemen of your home-town draft board, and he acts as your adviser and friend, sticking by you until you are satisfactorily reestablished in the community. If you decide to live in another community, you will get the same friendly assistance from local offices of the agencies mentioned above.

On the other hand, if you have a business, profession or special job waiting for you after your discharge, or if you just want to loaf around for a while, you're completely free to go right to it. There won't be any annoying reports to make, and no officials will bother you in any way. Filling out the Army Occupational and Educational Record is the only thing you're required to do. After that, it's up to you to decide whether you want federal help in getting a job.

Broadly, according to the Reemployment Division, returning soldiers fit into one of four categories.

First, there are those who want their old jobs back. In most of these cases so far there has been no trouble. Nor is much serious trouble anticipated. If, however, a hitch should develop, say by a former employer's blunt refusal to rehire a veteran, the National Headquarters is prepared to step in and use federal laws to protect the discharged soldier's rights. In cases of this sort they are backed up solidly by the Department of Justice, which, through the U.S. Attorney General, recently assured YANK that the U. S. courts and district attorneys will "do everything in their power fully to protect the serviceman's rights."

Here is a recent case to prove this point. A private from Cleveland, Ohio, was given a Certificate of Disability Discharge. He had been an operator in a movie theater. As soon as he got home he reported for work. The employer, either unaware of the law or believing he could violate it, said he was sorry but no go. In the soldier's absence another operator had been broken in, and the employer didn't want to make a change. The ex-private reported this to his Reemployment Committeeman who in turn reported it to National Headquarters. On the following day, the employer received a little note from the Government. In its way it was very charming and—persuasive. Substantially, the meaning of the letter was this: "We have heard that ex-Pvt. G—— applied to you without success for the position he held with your firm before he entered the armed forces to defend his and your country. It is reported that you positively refused to rehire him. We hope, of course, that this report is erroneous, because we're sure you wouldn't want us to turn the matter over to the law enforcement authorities in the Department of Justice." The ex-private was back in his old booth in less than a week, grinding out the latest Abbott and Costello comedy.

Actually the division has encountered very few uncooperative employers. An official says, "Almost without exception we have found an amazing willingness on the part of employers to cooperate. Large and small, in city and town, these people are playing the game."

Some discharged men want the same kind of jobs they had before their induction but want to work in new and different localities. These cases are all handled by the United States Employment Service, which is in constant touch with all employers and is regularly informed of the specific labor needs in any given region. So far it has been highly successful in placing honorably discharged soldiers.

Some men want to better themselves by further training before going back to work. Others have physical handicaps that require them to learn a new trade or profession. These men are directed to the Rehabilitation and Vocational Training Division of the Federal Security Agency, where at government expense they are taught the skills of the jobs they want and are best adapted to learn. After their training, the Federal Security Agency with the USES accepts the responsibility of getting them jobs.

Explaining this procedure, one of the district supervisors of the Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation, Frederic G. Elton, told YANK:

"The selection of the type of work is made on the basis of a careful analysis of individual qualifications. It follows, therefore, that these types of jobs are extremely varied and the kind of training equally varied.

"Having determined upon the job the man can do best, the bureau then contracts for the training with the agency best prepared to give that training. It finances the course and supervises the man's progress. It accepts the responsibility for seeing that he is placed in a job when his training is completed."

Mr. Elton cited a couple of recent cases:

A 20-year-old private was discharged from the Army because of a head injury. His only previous work experience had been as a soda clerk. Aptitude tests were given to find out the kind of a job he was best fitted for. On his record he had written that he wanted to learn a craft of some sort. On the basis of his tests, he was trained in aircraft instrument work. Today he is a production control man with a company manufacturing recording instruments.

Another man, aged 26, was discharged from the Marines because of stomach ulcers incurred in service. Before his induction he had been doing clerical work. He wrote on his record that he wanted to learn precision tool making. Today he is learning the trade, and the Government is footing the bill for his training. A good job awaits him when he finishes the course.

Finally there are those who because of wounds, injuries or illness are incapable of working. These men are expertly cared for by the Veterans' Administration. The facilities for that care are the best that science has developed.

4 *He tells Reemployment Committeeman he wants to learn a craft—precision tool making.*

5 *The new civilian enrolls in a trade school, learns trade at federal expense.*

6 *Placed in job he wants by the U. S. Employment Service, the ex-soldier draws his first pay-check.*

Clearing House Committees

To complete the structure of rehabilitation are national, state and local Clearing House Committees composed of representatives from civic and national organizations, including labor unions, the American Legion, Chambers of Commerce, clubs, etc. These committees cooperate with all of the other agencies to solve each soldier's problem as a personal, individual and community matter.

As one Reemployment Committeeman, a law-

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THE LEGION OF THE UNCOUTH

THE pages of the magazines back home
That feature stuff of war—the march of men,
The awesome crawl of tanks, the flight of planes—
Have shown a tiresome lot of "glamor Yanks,"
With trousers razor-creased and shirts that still
Retain the sheen of new-spun factory cloth;
With ties adjusted right, and shoes, the gleam
Of which will blind. Too much of new-blown rank,
With chevrons bright and neatly sewn on sleeves
Of sarge or corp; and when I view those lads,
So sartorially complete and nice, I think
Of Hollywood, with extras dressed to fit
A part in some stage scene, instead of soldiers
Girt for deadly, bloody, filthy war.

From the Stevens in Chicago town,
To our sun-blistered, bug-infested post,
Is a far, unholy cry—and the difference
Much the same as that which lies between
My lady's boudoir and a stable stall:
For here we boys are not—oh, really not
The photogenic type! Our hair grows long,
We seldom shave; Svengali would be proud
To flaunt the beards that some of us have grown.
Our pants are frayed and bleached and baggy-kneed;
We wear no shirts—and as for ties, —say, tell
Us, please—what is a tie?
And it's a certain sign
You're "tropo," if you start to shine your shoes!
We're a motley, rugged, crumby lot,
No subjects for a Sunday supplement:
But somehow, I don't think a man of us,
Deep down within his heart, would trade his place
With fortune's darlings in the Stevens lounge.
We're "in" the thing, you see—not quite as much
But something like—our buddies at Bataan,
Corregidor, the Solomons, and Wake;
And because we walk in shabbiness—unkempt,
Ungroomed—and live with pests, and breathe red dust
And thirst and bake in searing heat, and drown
In tropic rains,—like them—we're fiercely proud.
Let others have the dress parade, the show,
The full-page spread in magazines. We like
Our role—the real, the earnest, cussin' sweatin'
Dirty, ugly role of men *at* war!

S/Sgt. THOMAS P. ASHLOCK
Australia

yer in Pennsylvania, told YANK: "There will be none of this case-number-so-and-so business, as if a discharged soldier were nothing but an ex-serial number. No, sir. It will be Joe Smith, American, getting a good job because he wants, deserves and can handle it."

Another committeeman, a doctor in the Middle West, interviewed by YANK, voiced similar feelings: "I went through the first one back in '18, and I've got three boys in this one. I think I know a little bit about what they're going through, and I certainly know what they've got a right to expect when they come home. Each returning veteran in our community is going to be an integral part of our life, and he's going to be made to feel that he shares its benefits and problems to the same degree that his fellows share them."

These expressions are typical of the men, from the top officials at National Headquarters down to the Reemployment Committeemen in the smallest communities, who are shaping the Reemployment Division for the time when, after the war, the plan of systematic and selective demobilization will be put to its big test.

To head such an organization someone had to be found who was more than a dreamer. He had to be a soldier with a lot of down-to-earth experience in social work.

The chief of the Reemployment Division was with the famous 77th Division in France during the last war. After the war he helped his buddies get back into civilian life. In fact, the Reemployment Division as it stands today is built largely on the lessons he learned with the old 77th. Ten days after the Armistice in 1918 a reemployment and rehabilitation plan for the outfit was in effect. A voluntary subscription among the officers and enlisted men raised $23,000, and an officer was sent back to the U. S. ahead of the division to set up an employment office. As a result, 3,000 jobs were promised for the 77th before the men landed on American soil. In a matter of weeks all but 50 of 27,000 men were employed. For one guy, obviously the restless type, they got 22 different jobs in as many weeks.

The chief's aide served with the 105th Machine Gun Battalion in the first World War. Shortly before being called to active duty on the Reemployment Division he helped reorganize the local draft boards of New York City. Speaking of the Reemployment Committeemen, he told YANK: "All of these men have been chosen with extreme care. They have been selected only after their personal integrity and responsibility as citizens have been established beyond all doubt."

Goal of 55,000,000 Jobs

The fanciest reemployment plan wouldn't get far if there were no jobs for discharged soldiers to came back to. So the problems of creating such jobs and insuring full post-war employment are part of the Selective Service System's problem. The Reemployment Division cooperates with several post-war planning organizations.

The most imposing of these is the Committee for Economic Development. Composed of the country's leading business men, industrialists and economists, and functioning with the active support of several federal agencies, the committee's goal is "55,000,000 jobs for post-war America."

Many of the world's top-flight scientists are at work finding the best means of converting the Nation from war back to peace. This does not mean these men are not helping now to win the war. Paul G. Hoffman, the committee's chairman, made this clear. "The war," he said, "has had and will continue to get triple-A priorities, but the job of winning the peace need not be neglected, and, for business, that means planning to create jobs for returning soldiers, sailors and war workers."

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE NEW ZEALAND SOLDIER

Meet a tough veteran of Crete, Greece and Libya who calls his chow "tucker" and says "lead-swinger" when he means goldbricker. Now he stands beside our forces in the South Pacific, protecting his own homeland.

Most economists agree that jobs will be plentiful. They see a post-war America hard at work forging the tools of a new civilization; developing new techniques of production, distribution and transportation; building new cities, clearing slums, erecting power projects, carrying out programs to conserve the land and forests and control floods. There will be plenty to do.

The Reemployment Division reveals that so far 111,000 copies of the Army Occupational and Educational Record have been filled out by soldiers and returned to the headquarters at Washington. Some were from men who have since received CDDs or whose releases are imminent. The rest were from men still in the service, for it is the division's intention to secure as much information as possible on each man long before his discharge.

Questions Get Serious Answers

It is interesting to observe that of all the 111,000 records submitted, not one evoked phony or wise-guy responses. They were uniformly serious and proved that the men were willing to cooperate.

Officials expected at least a few wags to try for a laugh or two, especially on the question asking what sort of a job they would like upon return to civil life. But in the whole lot there wasn't a single "I wanna be a bank president" or "I wanna work nights for Hedy Lamarr."

There was, however, a temporary flurry of suspicion at National Headquarters the other day when the record of a New Orleans private was examined. His questionnaire showed he had been a fisherman, but after the question, "What is your preferred occupation?" he had written, "To be a big retail merchant like Napoleon." This looked like a gag, so a man went to interview the ex-fisherman in an Army hospital. It seems that before he got in the Army he had been fishing 12 to 15 hours a day in the Gulf of Mexico. He had sold his daily catch to a certain retailer for 2 cents per fish. The day before his induction he had gone in to bid good-bye to the fish retailer, one L. Napoleon, and he saw a price sign in the market's window which he had never seen before. The fish he had been selling at 2 cents each were being sold by Mr. Napoleon at 18 cents.

"Well, I got to thinking," he said, "if that feller was gettin' 18 cents for the same fish he gave me 2 cents for, and me doin' all the work, that, I says to myself, is the job for me."

HERE'S HOW YOU MAKE AN EXIT TO CIVILIAN LIFE

IF you're about to get a CDD or another kind of honorable discharge, here's what you should do at once:

1) Contact a representative of the American Red Cross. There are accredited representatives at all camps, posts, and hospitals. They'll advise you at all times.

2) Study carefully and answer the questions on the Army Occupational and Educational Record which you will be required to fill out before your discharge. This record is vitally important, and may decide your future status as a civilian. If you're in doubt or puzzled by any of the questions or the form in which to put your answers, see your CO, your chaplain, or a Red Cross representative.

3) After you get your discharge, get in touch as soon as possible with your local Reemployment Committeeman. He is attached to the local draft board in your home town. He knows all the benefits you're entitled to, and he knows the quickest way for you to get them. If for any reason you do not return to your home community, you should establish contact with the nearest agency of one of the following: the American Red Cross, the United States Employment Service, the Federal Security Agency, the Veterans' Administration, or the local draft board of the community where you are staying. Any one of them can set the right wheels in motion for your readjustment.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
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By the men . . for the men in the service

THAT'S HOW I SPELL DEMOCRACY

WHEN I got back from the bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven a newspaper reporter asked me how it felt shooting down two German fighters. He also asked me whether I was thinking about "democracy" while I was letting those birds have it right on the kisser.

I told him, "Hell, no, brother, a guy hasn't much time to think about such big words up there during a fight. About all I was thinking about was to get out of it alive so that I could get back home to my girl."

I thought the reporter was awfully dumb asking me such a question. But the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that I certainly was thinking about "democracy." Because to me, my girl is everything that "democracy" is supposed to be.

I know you can write a whole book on the subject. But I'm a tail gunner, not a writer. Anyway, I can't see the sense in writing a whole book on such a simple question. Every American knows what "democracy" is. It's damn simple when you figure it out.

First of all, this "democracy" business begins at home. For instance, my government doesn't come out and tell me what girl I should marry. If it tried to, I'd tell it to go to hell anyway—and nobody would arrest me for it.

And another thing, my government isn't telling me how many kids me and my future wife should have. Or what religion we should belong to, and what school I should send my kids to.

My girl and I feel that when this war's over we'll get married and buy ourselves a home somewhere and be happy with our friends. When the time comes that somebody says I can't marry my girl, or choose my own buddies—whether they're Irish or Jews, Scotch or Poles—then, brother, they're looking for a fight.

Hell, pal, I guess I was doing plenty of thinking about this "democracy" business up there, except that in my mind it's spelled D-a-n-e-l-l-a T-o-o-t-l-e. She's from Miami, Fla.

Somewhere in England —S/Sgt. **VIRGIL BURGAN**

"Gentlemen, as commander in chief of the armies of the Third Reich, I am open to suggestion."

STRICTLY G.I.

New German Gas

THE NAZIS have a new kind of blistering gas called nitrogen mustard. It's more effective than plain mustard because it's odorless and difficult to detect. Chemical Warfare officers say its presence can be detected by color changes produced on certain paints, crayons and powders with which the Army is being equipped. Thus a soldier could put a smear of detector paint on his steel helmet or on the muzzle of his rifle—and if he noted a color change he would put on his gas mask. With eyes and lungs protected, cellophane clothing will prevent skin blisters. American chemists have learned the formula and will blow it back in the Fuehrer's face when it's used by the Axis powers. . . . Added Nazi note: German sailors wear the insignia *Blockade Runners* on their uniforms. Since this insignia was designed before the war started the Nazis evidently were expecting the worst—and got it.

New Name for SOS

The War Department has changed the name of the Army's Services of Supply. From now on, SOS will be known as the Army Service Forces. There are two reasons for the change of title. First, it fits in better with the names of the other two branches, Army Ground Forces and Army Air Forces. And secondly, the WD liked the new monicker because it takes the emphasis off supply, only one part of the organization's many activities—which also include such things as finance, MPs, postal service, transport, chaplains, Special Service and the WAACs.

Bombers for Canteens

The QM is doing its part to conserve metals wherever possible, by using them more strategically. For instance, there are plans to substitute plastic for aluminum in canteens. The amount of metal thus saved would supply necessary aluminum equipment for 9,916 light bombers.

Itchy Underwear

British Tommies wear an undershirt that itches for a purpose. The garment, made of rough string-like material which resembles a crocheted mesh, rubs the skin with every movement of the body. This keeps the blood flowing at an accelerated rate, generates heat for the wearer.

GI Shop Talk

For GIs who would like to become officers in the aristocratic sense, there are openings at West Point this year. Candidates are selected by their COs, must be between 19 and 22, and have served in the Army at least one year. . . . To discourage the belly-robbers from burning synthetic chow, the QM has published a cook book called *A Dehydrated Foods Cooking Manual*. . . . They've also experimented with a chocolate bar, to be eaten as a last resort. It will fit into a soldier's shirt pocket, remain solid at 120 degrees and not be too delectable. The latter specification has been made to prevent a soldier eating it too soon. . . . The WD warns new recruits their ration books are "hot" if they weren't surrendered at the induction center. Failure to comply is punishable by civil and military law. This doesn't apply to the basic A gas ration book which may be retained providing an authorized person is using the soldier's car while he's away.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

He Died With His Mike On

The OWI reported a tribute by the Tokyo radio to a Jap short-wave propagandist who literally talked himself to death denouncing President Roosevelt. Night after night, Tokyo said, this "martyr" denounced the President on the microphone until "he overstrained himself and his condition steadily worsened and he finally succumbed." "You may be sure," the broadcast said, "he died a happy death."

Subtraction

The editor of the German newspaper *Der Salzburger Zeitung* is shocked at the kind of education Russian kids are getting these days. In Soviet schools, he says, instead of asking, "If you have two apples—," the teacher asks, "If there are two Fascists and you shoot one, how many are left?"

Self Portrait

Adolf Hitler to the German people on the 23d anniversary of the founding of the Nazi Party: "I am a fanatic. I shall be a fanatic as long as I live. What will power in the world is equal to my will power? The obstacles, victories and sorrows I have survived would have broken less strong characters. Destiny has chosen me to break terror with terror. I am a fanatic."

Stolen Goods

Slovak puppet officials in Bratislava were grateful for the gift of a river steamer from their Nazi protectors. This gift, they acclaimed, was an example of the "generosity of the Third Reich" to her allies. A few days later they got a bill of 9 million crowns for the steamer. And finally they discovered the ship had been stolen by the Nazis from the Czech government in 1939.

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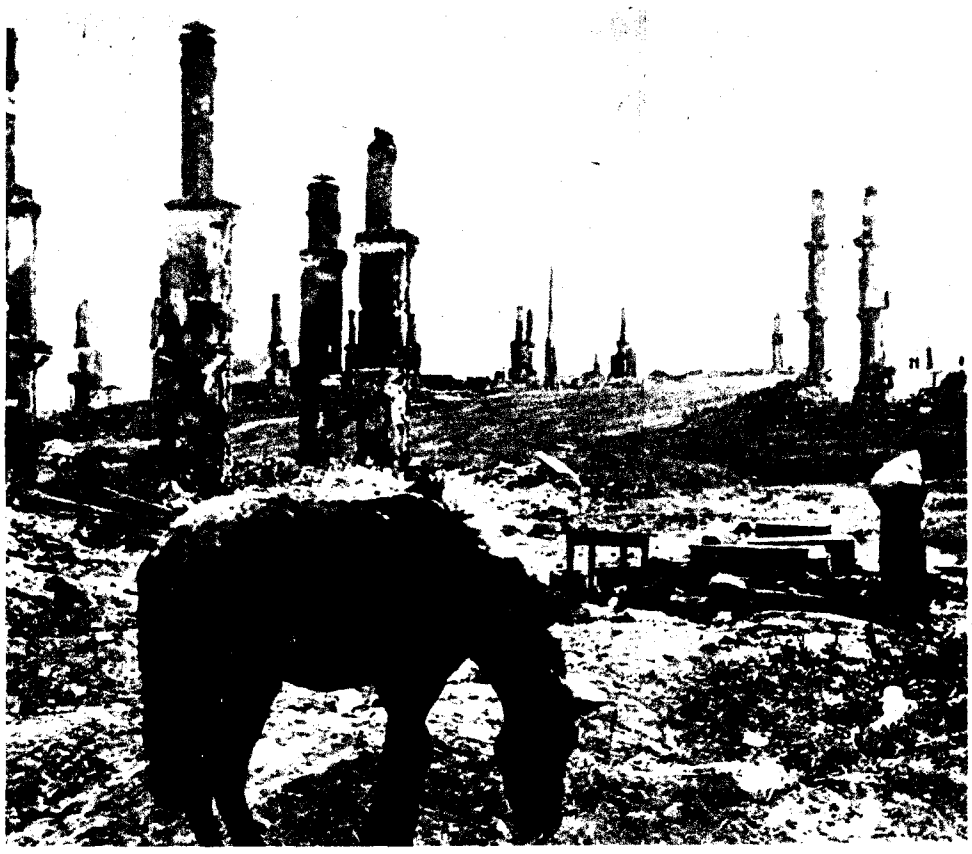
COMBAT NURSE. In the midst of battle, a Russian nurse slides into a trench to give first aid to a wounded soldier.

INFANTRY ADVANCE. In this picture, against the background of a blasted tree, troops are advancing on the run

WAR IN RUSSIA

SKI TROOPS. In white camouflage uniforms and armed with automatics, these famous soldiers file up to the front lines.

FLANK GUARDS. These soldiers with automatic rifles are covering a unit which is dislodging the Nazis from an occupied village.



WAR'S DESOLATION. An abandoned horse and a Russian woman carrying a bundle of last possessions (right), is the only life left in a Russian city. This picture was released by the Germans.

HUMAN TORCH. This was a German tankman, shot as he climbed ou of the turret of his tank, which had been stopped by Soviet guns. Flame from the burning tank caught onto his uniform and licked across his bacl

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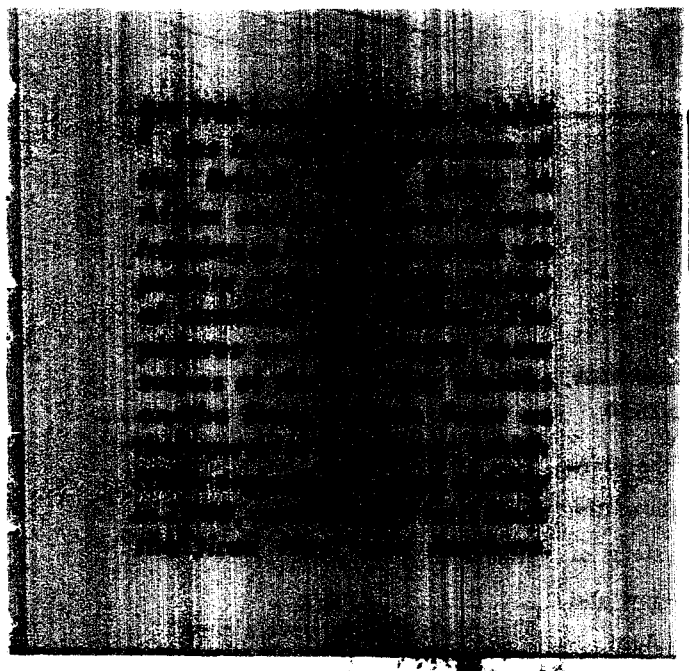
somewhere on Russia's great front. With typical courage, these soldiers go ahead within point blank range of enemy's guns.

THE AVENGERS. Lying scattered through the ruins of a village are the bodies of Germans and their Hungarian allies, who died trying to defend it against guerrillas. Sidestepping the dead, the victorious Russians search for any enemy snipers that might have been overlooked.



TANK ESCORT. Under cover of a tank, which has been painted white for winter camouflage, infantrymen advance in the deep snow. It was individual soldiers like these, determined and unrelenting, who gave Hitler's great land armies their first decisive defeat, and are still at it.

COUNTERATTACK. The camera caught the soldier on the right as he was hit and falling. The other men in his squad charge through smoke and a hail of rifle and machine-gun fire to attack a German machine-gun nest.

FIRE POWER. While the cannon of the accompanying tank at the right gives them powerful protection, soldiers jump off a troop-carrying tank and race forward to attack a strong German position.

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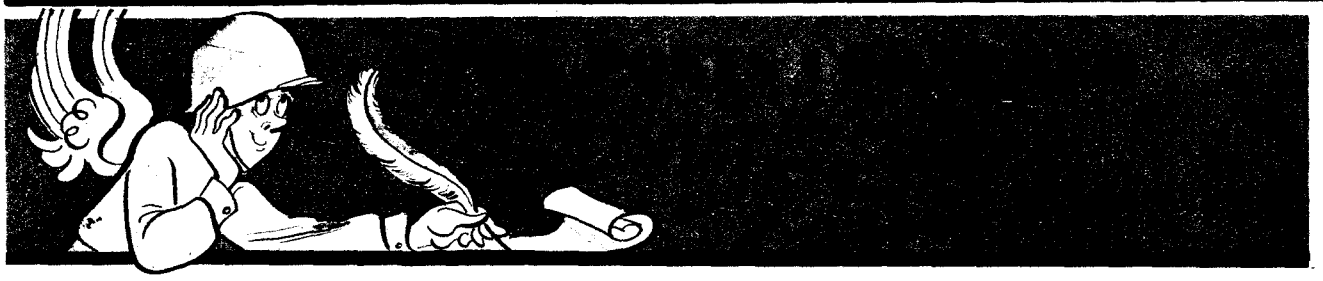

Yes, at home we had a-plenty
And never had to pay,
But on this confounded island
The hens refuse to lay.

When I return from this darned place
I'll eat my fill and then,
Just to top the whole thing off,
I think I'll eat the hen.

—Pvt. MALCOLM WYMAN REYNOLDS
New Hebrides

TO THE SERGEANTS AND GENERALS

Feel not your oats too much,
Proud wheel horses of Mars;
A zebra has more stripes than you,
The sky has still more stars.

—Cpl. CLYDE KENNETH HYDER
Australia

MY LITTLE HUT

Be it ever so humble or built in a rut,
There is no place on earth like my little green hut,
For it's flat on the bottom and rounded on top,
From the roof to the floor's an 11-foot drop.

There's a stove in my hut and that stove's kind of little;
There's a guy in my hut—one who sleeps near the middle;
His ambition's immense, for he'll kick and he'll poke,
'Till the fire goes out in a billow of smoke.

Every man in my hut will make up his own cot
Every eight or 10 days if it needs it or not,
And they'll sweep out the dirt 'til their cots all look fine,
And the dirt's in a neat 2-foot pile under mine.

Though it's built in a rut about 7-feet deep,
It's a good enough place for a soldier to sleep;
Be it ever so humble or placed in a rut,
Thank the Lord there's no place like my little green hut.

—S/Sgt. GENE E. BLUHM
England

A GUNNER'S DREAM

I wish I were a pilot,
And you along with me,
But if we all were pilots,
Where would the Air Force be?

It takes guts to be a gunner,
To sit out on the tail,
When the Messerschmitts are coming
And the slugs begin to wail.

The pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane,
But it's we who do the fighting
Though we may not get the fame.

If we all must be gunners
Then let us make this bet:
That we'll be the best damned gunners
Who have left this station yet.

—Author Unknown
Submitted by Sgt. Edward F. Casey, Lowry Field, Colo.

THE DIAL TWIRLER'S LAMENT

I wish the Army kindly would do me a simple favor
And raid these guys who use a fancy 'lectric shaver.
Why can't they be like most of us, as even you and I,
Who rise each morn and scrape our chins with razor, plain GI?

If this keeps up I do confess that I shall rise some A.M.
And go and search these culprits out and perhaps commit mayhem.
For nothing seems to burn me more, with this I am emphatic,
Than turning on my radio and getting all this static.
So will the Army kindly grant this small and simple favor
And confiscate this curse of mine—the fancy 'lectric shaver?

—Sgt. FRED M. ROGERS
Camp Rucker, Ala.

TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER, KILLED IN ACTION

He takes his last look at the stars tonight,
Alone, here, on the outskirts of the earth.
He thinks now of the mystery of birth,
Of the tangent between shadow and light,
Of how to struggle is not to fight,
Of how in darkness there is little mirth,
Of how in effort there is little worth,
And yet he knows there is a wrong and right.
He takes his last look and prepares to die.
Death will come silent when he does not know,
When his fingers burn and his head is high;
A wind will blow through him like driven snow.
He will say no prayer, he will ask not why,
Yet he will smile when it is time to go.

—Pvt. ROBERT W. TAYLOR
Fort Monmouth, N. J.

QUESTION

Will WAACs and WAVES,
In civil lives,
Enlist again
As humble WIVES?

—Sgt. W. C. ALLISON
Camp Wolters, Tex.

EGGS

Oh, I've never had much money,
Though I've never had to beg,
But I've never known a thing as scarce
As one doggone fresh egg.

At home we had Rhode Island Reds
And chickens with white legs,
And we always had enough of
Those precious things called eggs.

TODAY'S LADY

In Armentieres, the mademoiselle
Was quite adept at raising hell,
But she'd place second to the filly
This lad met in Piccadilly.

—T/5 PETER ALFANO
England

PILLS

The Army doctors have a cure
They use for all your ills:
No matter what the case may be
They always give you pills.

A man can well be dying,
Still, no matter how you fret,
They throw a flock of pills at you,
And soldier, you're all set.

I've taken pills for everything
From broken legs to gout;
I've even put them in my shoes
To keep the water out.

One time we were in battle,
And we ran plumb out of lead;
We needed ammunition, so—
We used those pills instead.

Well, sir, you won't believe me,
But a lie I never tell:
The enemy couldn't take those pills—
They're all as dead as hell.

—Cpl. GEORGE HINDBERG
Camp Adair, Oreg.

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Collectors of Army insignia are urged to get in touch with **Pfc. Sheldon A. Cole,** ADG's Office, West Point, N. Y. . . . **Pvt. Edgar H. Hearne,** Co. C, 109th Engrs., N. Africa: "Yuba is well and receiving your letters and her allotment. Request for packages requires approval of your CO."—**Lt. James M. Hays.** . . . **Pfc. Angelo Nicolette,** write to at least one of your five cousins c/o **Pvt. N. LaBrocca,** 36th Ord. Co. MM, APO 846, PM, N.Y. . . . **Pfc. Overyett Gray,** Co. A, 1st Bn., 91st Engr. Regt., APO 929, PM, San Francisco, wants **Dave Ellis** to write. . . . **Rus Kent,** write to **Sgt. William L. Kent,** Co. A, 121 Engr. Regt., APO 502, PM, San Francisco. . . . **1st Sgt. M. Beckerman,** Co. D, 147th Engr. Regt., Camp Swift, Tex., wants to obtain shoulder insignia patches from the following units: Corps 10, 13, 14; Divisions 7, 34, 35, 39, 40, 41, 76, 78, 80, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 92, 93, 95, 96, 99; 1st Armd. Corps; Alaska Def. Cmnd. . . . Will **Philip Adamson** who was on the USS *Grant* please write **Pvt. John W. Turner,** 504th Prcht. Inf., 82d A/B Div., Fort Bragg, N. C.? . . . If anyone knows the whereabouts of **Pvt. Wally Mehlick** please write **Pfc. David Josephberg,** 695th Sig. Aircraft Warning Co., APO 919, PM, San Francisco. . . . **Sgt. David L. Lindsay,** 56th Serv. Sqdn., is paging **Col. David L. Lindsay,** CO of the Seaforth Highland Regt. in England. . . . **Cpl. Kenneth Jaycox,** Co. E, 1303 SU, Camp Lee, Va., is paging **Capt. Ralph R. White,** somewhere in Africa, and **Sgt. Gus J. Paiste.** . . . **Cpl. Le Roy Strei,** Co. A, 737th Tank Bn., Fort Lewis, Wash., would appreciate hearing from **Pfc. Bruno Schwandt,** stationed in England or N. Africa. . . . **Sgt. Bert Savitt** has something of importance to tell **Sgts. A. R. Marholin** and **M. Arren** and **Lt. Harvey Mellion** if they will write him at Hq. Co. 802 SSR, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Will **S/Sgt William B. Greenwood,** Med. Corps, with the AEF, write to **John W. Hanson** Y1/c, USN USS 0-7, c/o Fleet PO, N.Y.C.? . . . **Sgt. Robert L. Carlson,** 70th Fighter Sqdn., APO 913, PM, San Francisco, and **Sgt. James R. Wood,** 8th AW Comd. Sqdn., APO 863, PM, N.Y., want letters from fellow Minnesotans they trained with in the States.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Halioris

Jones

Fisher

Sgt. Andrew Halioris, 20, stationed in England, sends a word of encouragement to his father, a first class private in the Marines, and to his uncle, Cpl. Roland Wauthier: "You're both doing fine. But don't let Ma join the WAACs. She'll outrank all of us." . . . **Cpl. Stanley Jones** wants Pvt. Jerry Firestone, Silver Spring, Md., to get in touch with him: "Write me at APO 635, PM, NY.," he asks. . . . **Pvt. Mike Fisher** of Detroit, who enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1941, thinks his friend George Stowe must be in the Army by now: "Write me c/o RCASC, 4th Canadian Armd. Troops, H-65147, England. Let me know where you are."

Carpenter

Myers

Racioppi

Dick Carpenter Y3/c reports on conditions in the S. Pacific to his brother Dick in Algeria: "Except for the natives getting whiter ever day, nothing changes. Hope you have command of the French language. . . . **Sgt. Thad Myers,** Fin. Det., SC, APO 502, PM, San Francisco, where he's been "keepin' 'em paid" for 15 months, reminds S/Sgt. Robert E. Driscoll, Dalhart, Tex., "to keep that date on the Susquehanna after the war." . . . **Sgt. Arthur Racioppi,** Fin. Det., SC, APO 502, PM, San Francisco, who hasn't seen his brother Arnold, Camp Robinson, Ark., for a year, says: "Write and tell me what it's like in the States. Best of luck."

Makowski

Young

Gill

S/Sgt. Charles R. Makowski, Hq. USAFISPA, APO 502, PM, San Francisco, sends a message to Cpl. John Batug, Camp Gruber, Okla.: "Thanks for the lighter you and McGoldrick sent me. The blasted thing is sure handy down here with the shortage of matches." . . . **Cpl. Wallace Young,** Signal Photo Lab., APO 958, PM, San Francisco, is anxious to reach Lt. William Sexton, stationed in Fiji. Cpl. Young says: "Please send me news of my father. Maj. Boyer sends his best regards." . . . **Cpl. Francis M. Gill,** QMC Hq. APO 502, PM, San Francisco, sends a message to WO Standley A. Fillion: "Most of the gang from Brighton are here but Leo has gone. Regards to all."

Schwartz

Smith

Greenspan

Sgt. Arny Schwartz, India, relays this brotherly advice to Pfc. Sam Schwartz, Johnson Field, N. C.: "The Indian babes are okay but don't compare with gals around Fall River, Mass. Take a tip and make good use of your furloughs." . . . **M/Sgt. Dick Smith** sends his congratulations to 2d Lt. Moe Fannin, an ex-pill roller at Fort Knox, Ky., who recently won his wings in the Air Corps. From Dick to Moe, it's: "For an ex-medico, you're really getting up in the world." . . . **T/Sgt. Shy Greenspan,** India, has good news for his brother, Cpl. Zellie Greenspan, MacDill Field, Fla.: "Expect to swap these stripes for some jewelry as soon as my application for a commission is approved."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

One correction—or am *I* wrong? In your article "Rommel's Route in N. Africa" there is a sentence which would make any Scotsman laugh: "Men of the Seaforth Black Watch, scouting through the hills——." The Black Watch is the 42d Royal Highlanders while the Seaforth Highlanders are another regiment entirely. Possibly you meant "Men of the Seaforth *and* Black Watch." My hobby is collecting regimental and other distinctive insignia. I'll be glad to correspond with anyone wanting to trade a few.

—**WO (jg) MARSHALL V. HALE**

Tyndall Field, Fla.

■ We stand corrected.

Dear YANK:

I received a letter from that now well-known soldier, ex-Sgt. Johnny Maras, who just recently was discharged from the Army due to the fact that he was only 15 years old. He was the youngest sergeant ever to be in the Army. He received his training at Camp Roberts, Calif., and now many of his buddies are all over the country and overseas. I found several right here in Camp Butner.

I know that he would like to hear from many of the buddies he trained with, so I am sending his address to you so the soldiers who know him may write to him at 2475 West Hopkins Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

—**Cpl. KENNETH F. MOORE**

Camp Butner, N. C.

Dear YANK:

Our company, which is only part of a cadre, just a fistful of men, went out on a drill field today to drill and have some lectures, and along comes a lieutenant colonel of another outfit that is across the street from us and tells us we will have to get off of the field; it is his field.

We were not in any way interfering with his men: we only used about 25 square yards of the entire drill field.

Are we wrong or is he just pulling his rank? Isn't the Infantry as good as the Cavalry? Or what's the story? I would like to see this in print, and the lieutenant colonel's face when he sees it.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —**Pvt. P. S.**

Dear YANK:

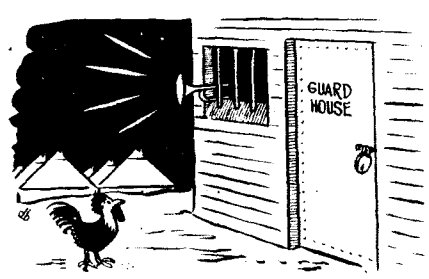
Congratulations on a splendid contribution to a speedy victory over the Axis and its vile and reactionary race superiority philosophy. I refer, of course, to Sgt. Walter Bernstein's swell article which plugs for admission of colored ball players into the leagues. A move in this direction would be a real defeat for the Axis—just as repeal of the poll tax laws and passage of an anti-lynch law would be. Keep up the good work.

—**Cpl. M. S. ABRAMS**

Casper (Wyo.) Air Base.

Dear YANK:

I am writing this to get Pvt. Paul Kotik, Hd. Bn. 124th FA, on the ball. His letter in YANK was right in only one respect—first call is played before reveille. To straighten him out I shall give you the following corrections: Reveille is played 10 minutes after first call. Troops at such times are required to fall in line. Assembly is played five minutes later at such time roll is called.



The CQ may wake the bugler up in the Artillery, but according to Army Regulations the bugler is required to remain in the guardhouse, and it is the corporal of the guard of the third relief who awakes him. The Infantry again makes corrections for the Artillery.

England —**T/5 THOMAS YOUNG**

Dear YANK:

I have seen something that your American troops over here have done for our children in our fourth year of the war which I think was a great act of kindness and consideration. At an ex-RAOC depot at Berks, a party was given by officers of this depot for the children of the civilian employees. It was a party that the children will never forget in their whole lives. The men and officers alike gave up their sweets and goodies for several weeks ahead so that the children of another country should have the things they miss at Christmas time through no fault of their own. I have found that this kindness is always with the average American soldier that one may meet at any time. May I wish YANK and the boys over here good luck and a quick return to their loved ones?

—**Craftsman T. BINGHAM, RAOC**

England

Dear YANK:

I was very much tickled by your interpretation of our famous Australian song "Waltzing Matilda" [in an early issue of YANK]. I would like to put you right on one point. "Matilda" is not loot. "Waltzing Matilda" is equivalent to "Humping the Bluey," the "Bluey" being swag or, to put it plainer, two or three blankets rolled up and tied at each end, and a billy. The blankets are carried slung across the back, and the billy is usually tied on somewhere or carried on the hand. So obviously Matilda is not carried in the tucker bag. In fact the tucker bag is, as its name suggests, used for carrying tucker (grub). Also, a swagman is not a hobo, neither is he poor. He is at heart a wanderer and loves the life. He doesn't mind working a bit either and will often work the season out in shearing time. Many professional shearers are swagmen.

Australia —**P. MONTGOMERIE**

Dear YANK:

The 331st Military Police Camp was activated at Camp Forrest, Tenn., May 28, 1942. We came to Wyoming in August, seeing nothing but mountains and sheep. We are 120 miles from the big city of the West, Billings, Mont., and some 70 miles from Yellowstone Park. What do we guard here? The boys call it nurse maiding some 10,000 Japs from California, Washington and Oregon. We wish the Japs were moved to Japan so we could go over and see some action.

—**Cpl. ALFRED G. KING**

Heart Mountain, Wyo.

Dear YANK:

Pvt. Al Berger holds several American weight-lifting records and has given exhibitions at USO Clubs and on the post. At present he is in a Medical Training Section but hopes to get transferred to a post where his knowledge of conditioning and physical culture can be used by the Army. Enclosed is his picture.

—**Pvt. G. McKINNON**

Robins Field, Ga.

Dear YANK:

With reference to your article, "Army Team Will Play Bowl Game," I think your version of unsung heroes is hardly applicable to the members of the Second Air Force football team. Paying a selected few just to play football, when there is a bigger game to be played and won, is hardly fair to those who are now overseas and actively engaged in combat. Too much favoritism is shown our so-called unsung athletic heroes. Wars aren't and never were won on the gridiron, and it is high time the American public realizes this brutal fact. When do those USO soldiers come overseas?

—**Cpl. LARRY KLEIMOLA**

Guadalcanal

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CAROLE LANDIS of the movies returns to the U.S.A. after traveling 40,000 miles to entertain troops in England and Africa. She wears a few mementos. From the top down: Eagle Squadron insignia; U.S. Air Force, French Foreign Legion (left), Grenadier Guards and RAF.

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Hollywood—When Mickey Rooney's employers appealed his 1-A draft classification, asking that he be left in Hollywood as an essential worker, they said, "Mickey is barely 5 feet tall, his heart is not good and his blood pressure is high — what good would he be in the Army?" . . . Orson Welles is another actor who claims his health ain't good. He has fallen arches, flat feet and a weak ticker. draft board officials have been told. . . . Stage star Grace George will make her first film appearance with James Cagney in "McLeod's Folly," by Louis Bromfield.

Mickey Rooney

New York—Hannah Williams is seeking more jack from Dempsey. Says she needs $2,000 in attorneys' fees to fight Jack's divorce suit. . . . The Red Cross benefit show at Madison Square Garden is going to have a super cast: Ronald Colman, Paulette Goddard, Bette Davis, Hedy Lamarr, Eleanor Powell, and Abbott and Costello all will do something. . . . Martha Stephenson, who was married to Hal Kemp and Victor Mature, has turned down a $400-a-week singing job, because, she says, she can't sing. . . . The Big Town's vice squad pinched the managers of three Times Square hotels on charges of operating disorderly houses. It is alleged that girls were installed in rooms by bellhops who steered servicemen to them and collected part of their fees —either $3 or $5—to split with the management. Can such things be?

Paulette Goddard

On the Ether—Jimmy Durante has been sticking his nose into the "Comedy Caravan" program on CBS Friday nights. . . . Newest king of corn is Spike Jones, who led his gang of plate-beating musicians out of the Ozarks and onto the national networks. Jones, who admits he's very corny, has one man in his band who can play "Turkey in the Straw" with a stomach pump.

TEE-TOTAL

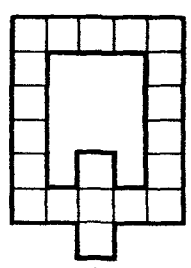
PRIZES are given to the G.Is who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each competition. If you haven't taken a whack at this word game, try it now. It's easy—and you may win one of YANK's Puzzle Kits containing a super-dooper collection of tricks, puzzles and games. Names and scores of winners will be published.

Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with five good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 30 letters used, giving each letter a numerical value as shown on the chart. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample workout is shown at the left, with a score of 223. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	11	N	26
B	18	O	5
C	22	P	21
D	19	Q	14
E	3	R	15
F	20	S	6
G	1	T	24
H	8	U	2
I	4	V	10
J	9	W	23
K	16	X	13
L	25	Y	17
M	7	Z	12

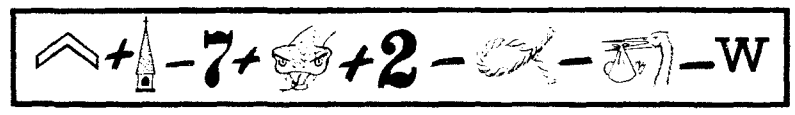


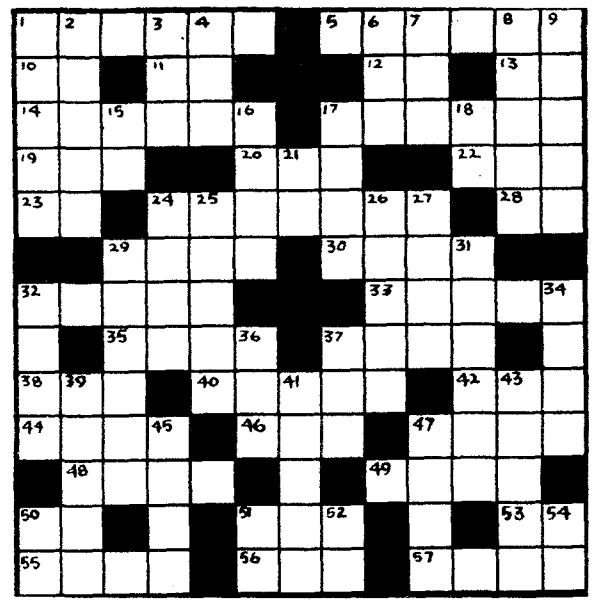
Score: ..... Submitted by: .....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., N.Y.C., within 3 weeks of date of this issue.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the names of the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of one of our Allies. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 1 DOWN. Then continue with the rest of the puzzle.





ACROSS

1. What boxers box
5. Naval steno
10. She goes with this
11. Ancient city
12. Public notice
13. That is
14. Pretty pictures
17. Tendencies
19. —— in the bud
20. Government agency
22. Obtain
23. By
24. Jumbo toothpicks
28. Steamship
29. End of a 40-mile jaunt
30. Master sergeant
32. Colossal spoon
33. Can't do without
35. Wolfish look
37. That which makes old
38. French king
40. King of the zebras
42. Grown up boy
44. This is out of reach
46. Also
47. Classic name for a binge
48. Sharp as a whip
49. Jive factory
50. Conversational topic
51. Civilian brig
53. Injection reaction
55. What you enter
56. Very small number
57. Animal jeep

DOWN

1. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
2. How to avoid bills
3. Midget steamboat
4. Before
6. ¾ of a year
7. Dramatic ditty
8. These are generally useful
9. Machine gun hangouts
15. News bureau
16. —— down the river
17. Armored butter churn
18. Not acceptable
21. 3.1416
24. This gin is not for cotton
25. Prelates
26. Touch of color
27. Sword
29. Cops of the kitchen
31. Citizen of Nazi-land
32. Angry
34. —— or swim!
36. Japanese statesman
37. Past
39. Well known bucket
41. He ain't what he used to be
43. Enthusiasm
45. Guy who volunteers for KP
47. What you bat your eye with
50. Note of scale
51. Top man in camp
52. Compass point
54. You'n' I, both

(Solution on page 22.)

Music. Pvt. Albert Alexander, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., wanted music to brighten his KP hours, so he suggested a juke box be placed in his outfit's mess hall. Now his buddies can stick a nickel in the box and hear "Black Magic" with their stews and slums. . . . GIs and WAACs in North Africa joined in putting over the Army's first co-ed show, produced by Sgt. George Botbyl. It was a smash hit. . . . Twenty-nine EM at Fort George G. Meade, Md., organized the 76th Infantry Division Little Symphony, now give weekly concerts for Meade dogfaces under direction of Cpl. Myron Levite.

Stripes. S/Sgt. William Close, AAFTTC, Kearns, Utah, jumped from yardbird to staff in seven weeks. . . . 1st Sgt. Sandy McCorver broke all bucking records for Perrin Field, Tex., by his ascendency from buck private to first sergeant in 108 days.

1st Sgt. McCorver

Requests. A/C Julius Bloomfield, Nashville (Tenn.) Army Air Center, asked his CO for a KP assignment for the "duration of his stay on the post." He got it. . . . Pvt. Robert A. Rodriquez, New Orleans (La.) Army Air Base, petitioned his CO for a discharge because his seven hutmates can't stand his snoring at night. He didn't get it.

Presents. Cpl. James A. Wynne, with an Infantry unit in New Guinea, got a manicure set for a gift from his old boss in Philadelphia, Pa. Asked Cpl. Wynne, "Isn't that a helluva thing to give a guy knee-deep in mud?" . . . The folks back home at Youngstown, Ohio, figured Pvt. George Kreiler, Barksdale Field, La., wasn't getting enough mail, so they sent him 101 letters in one day. Guessed Pvt. Kreiler, "I bet my mother put them up to it."

Memories. Pvt. Eugene Weber, Camp Lee, Va., was a bunkmate of one Pvt. Adolf Hitler in the German Army in the first World War. He recalls how Hitler used to lie on his bunk and brag how he would knock off the Kaiser and build a "greater Germany." "We laughed at him then," says Weber. . . . Pvt. Stephen J. Gabis, Fort Sill, Okla., was in Shanghai in 1940 when the Japs took over, and they would "shoot a Chinaman whenever the mood hit them." . . . O/C George Buick Leslie, Fort Benning, Ga., was a lance corporal of the Canadian Royal Highlanders 27 years ago, and remembers how he fought for six weeks without a break in the Battle of the Somme during the first World War.

DO you know how to play GOLF-LOG? It's the word game in which you shoot for lowest score in changing one word to another, one step at a time.

Example: Change CAT to DOG in 3 strokes. Answer: CAT 1. COT. 2. DOT. 3. DOG.

Note that at each stroke only one letter is changed, and that each change must form a new word.

Now that you know the rules, let's see how you make out with today's GOLF-LOG problem, which is this: in how few strokes can you go from CAMP to TOWN. Par is 7 strokes. Try to beat it!

CAMP	4. .....
1.	5. .....
2.	6. .....
3.	7. .....

(Solution on page 22.)

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a KISS from HEDY LAMARR

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER

BEFORE Pvt. Paul Benton received his personal greeting from President Roosevelt, he managed a tiny flower shop in Ringpoo, Mo., had never been separated from his mother more than 24 hours at a time, and had not been in any city larger than St. Louis. He was engaged to marry a young woman whose first name was Anastasia.

After a year and six months in the Army, Pvt. Benton was even milder than before. He took orders from pfcs and corporals without protest. He had had more days of KP than all the rest of his company combined. He had cleaned the latrine so often he knew its details as well as the growing habits of the petunia.

For 11 months now, Pvt. Benton had been stationed on a tiny island in the South Pacific, and for 323 days, 2,308 hours and 57 minutes he had tended a 5-inch AA gun without an error. He named the weapon *Anastasia* and treated it as gently as a freshly picked bunch of violets. He had loaded the gun, unloaded it, cleaned it, polished it, caressed it—done everything, in fact, except fire it. There were no Japanese on this particular island.

PVT. BENTON hummed as he worked, and he did his job well. It was not until 3:57 on this particular afternoon that the lieutenant was able to find a fault. There was, the lieutenant pointed out, a speck of coral dust in the barrel of the gun. He shouted at Pvt. Benton and mentioned KP ominously.

The lieutenant did not know, of course, that only a few hours before Pvt. Benton had received a letter from Anastasia announcing that she was to marry a sergeant who formerly ran a saloon in Ringpoo. "I shall always remember you as a friend," she wrote, to which Pvt. Benton profanely replied, under his breath, "Oh fiddlesticks!"

He had not been so unhappy since his lilies of the valley failed to place at the Osage County Fair, and as he attempted to remove the speck of coral from *Anastasia's* barrel, two large tears dropped from his eyes and splashed onto the ground.

That evening, immediately after chow, Pvt. Benton went to his foot locker, removed the picture of Anastasia from the lid where it was pasted and inserted in its place a large, brilliantly colored photograph of Miss Hedy Lamarr which he had clipped from the New York *Sunday Mirror*.

Hedy whispered, "I shall now kees you—hard," and she did, leaving a thick smudge on his mouth.

The photograph showed Miss Lamarr in a very brief white evening dress, her mouth heavily lacquered with red-black lipstick, her right eye looking as if she were about to wink at Pvt. Benton.

In her hand she held a tube of lipstick; the picture was advertising a well-known cosmetic that, the manufacturer claimed, would not smear when involved in a kiss. The tube was of bright silver with the initials H. L. in blue on one side.

In the background of the picture was a large orchestra, and there were several young men and women, also in evening dress, dancing about Hedy. It was obvious that she was at a party, waiting for some one to ask her to dance. As Pvt. Benton tore Anastasia's pictures into tiny bits, he reflected that Miss Lamarr would not step on her partner's toes as Anastasia invariably did.

PVT. BENTON was trying to imagine what it would be like to dance with Miss Lamarr when the orchestra leader in the picture lifted his baton. Miss Lamarr gave her mouth an extra daub with the tube of lipstick and winked at Pvt. Benton.

He gulped twice and glanced at his well-pressed uniform. Then he walked directly to her.

"Let us dance," he said, bowing gracefully.

Miss Lamarr did not reply. She simply smiled and slipped into his arms. Before the first dance ended, Pvt. Benton was well aware that the eyes of every man at the party were fixed on him and his glamorous partner.

"You must have keeled many Japanese, you brave soldier," Miss Lamarr said, squeezing his arm admiringly.

"Only a few score," he answered modestly. He whirled her around three times without stumbling. This was something he had never been able to maneuver before.

When the music ended, he and Miss Lamarr applauded vigorously. She smiled at him again. "You are from Mezouree," she said. "I will feex a surprise for you."

She handed him the tube of lipstick which she had been holding in her hand and went to the orchestra leader to whisper something in his ear. Pvt. Benton saw the leader glance at him as he placed the lipstick in his shirt pocket. And then the musician grinned and lifted his baton again.

By the time Miss Lamarr was back in Pvt. Benton's arms, the orchestra was already playing "Missouri Waltz," and before they had danced four steps she was calling him Paulie and he was calling her Hedy.

As they whirled about the dance floor, Hedy whispered, "I shall now kees you—hard," and she did, leaving a thick smudge on his mouth when she finished. The manufacturer was wrong; the lipstick left a definite smear.

But Pvt. Benton scarcely noticed. He was, for the first time, realizing the possibilities of a kiss. The two times he had kissed Anastasia it had been slightly less exciting than smelling a new carnation.

This kiss was different. Pvt. Benton was very warm, and he danced faster and faster, whirling Miss Lamarr around and around as the music increased in tempo. They had just completed a triple turn without stopping when the bell began ringing.

PVT. BENTON danced toward the spot from which the sound was coming, but as he reached to stop the noise, he felt instead the alarm clock beside his bunk, the one that every evening he set for 5:15 A.M., 15 minutes before reveille. That was so that he would be able to reach the latrine before anyone else awakened. Otherwise he would never have been able to shave.

He turned off the alarm and was lacing his second shoe when he moistened his lips with his tongue. He tasted a sweetish smudge all over his mouth, and bent hurriedly to wipe it on the sheet. It left, he saw, a thick black-red smudge. Pvt. Benton pinched himself and closed his eyes for a moment before glancing at his foot locker.

On top was his only clean uniform, badly mussed. Then he looked nervously at the picture. Miss Lamarr was still there all right, still smiling and still wearing the brief white dress.

YANK FICTION

Pvt. Benton's hand trembled as he reached into his shirt pocket, but the small object inside was no surprise. It was a bright silver tube of lipstick with the initials H.L. in blue on one side.

He put the tube back into his shirt pocket, glanced once more at the picture and winked broadly back. Then he picked up his shaving equipment, soap and towel and hurried toward the latrine, humming "Missouri Waltz" as he went.

A corporal was shaving in front of the only mirror, but Pvt. Benton pushed him impatiently aside.

"Get the hell out of the way," he shouted, and the corporal did.

In a very few weeks Pvt. Benton was a first sergeant.

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The Supply Sergeant

MAKES A STATEMENT OF CHARGES

By S/Sgt. FRED C. BUSE

(Who Takes in Salvage at Camp Butner, N. C.)

IN THE Feb. 26 issue of YANK, 1st Sgt. Wilemon stated the case of the top kick versus the combined forces of evil inherent in every GI's heart. As a fellow sufferer, his plight moves me to a passing "tch! tch!" of sympathy, but if Sgt. Wilemon is really to know pain, anguish and inhuman suffering he should know the case history of a supply sergeant.

The supply sergeant rates eye to eye with the top kick in an infamous whispering campaign directed against maliciously misrepresented noncoms. In all cartoons he is depicted as a cynical, unfeeling demigod whose watch word is "too little or too large."

Sgt. Wilemon confessed to a working day that began at 5 A.M. and ended at 6 P.M. My day begins at 6:30 A.M. (since I reside on the post) and may end anywhere short of 11 P.M. depending on the humor of my charges. From 0630 to 2300 hours there is an unending stream of GIs bent on disturbing my status quo. It matters not that I am in bed of a Sunday morning or penning a seductive note to a fair feminine admirer. They leer and smirk and wheedle me with, "Sergeant, kin I get my laundry now?"

"I lost my locker key, Sergeant. Will you open it with your pass key?"

"When does salvage go in?"

"When does shoe repair go out?"

Sometimes the number of requests and questions covering everything from the possibility of exchanging a pair of oversize trousers to the disposition of a burnt comforter assume the proportions of a mass persecution.

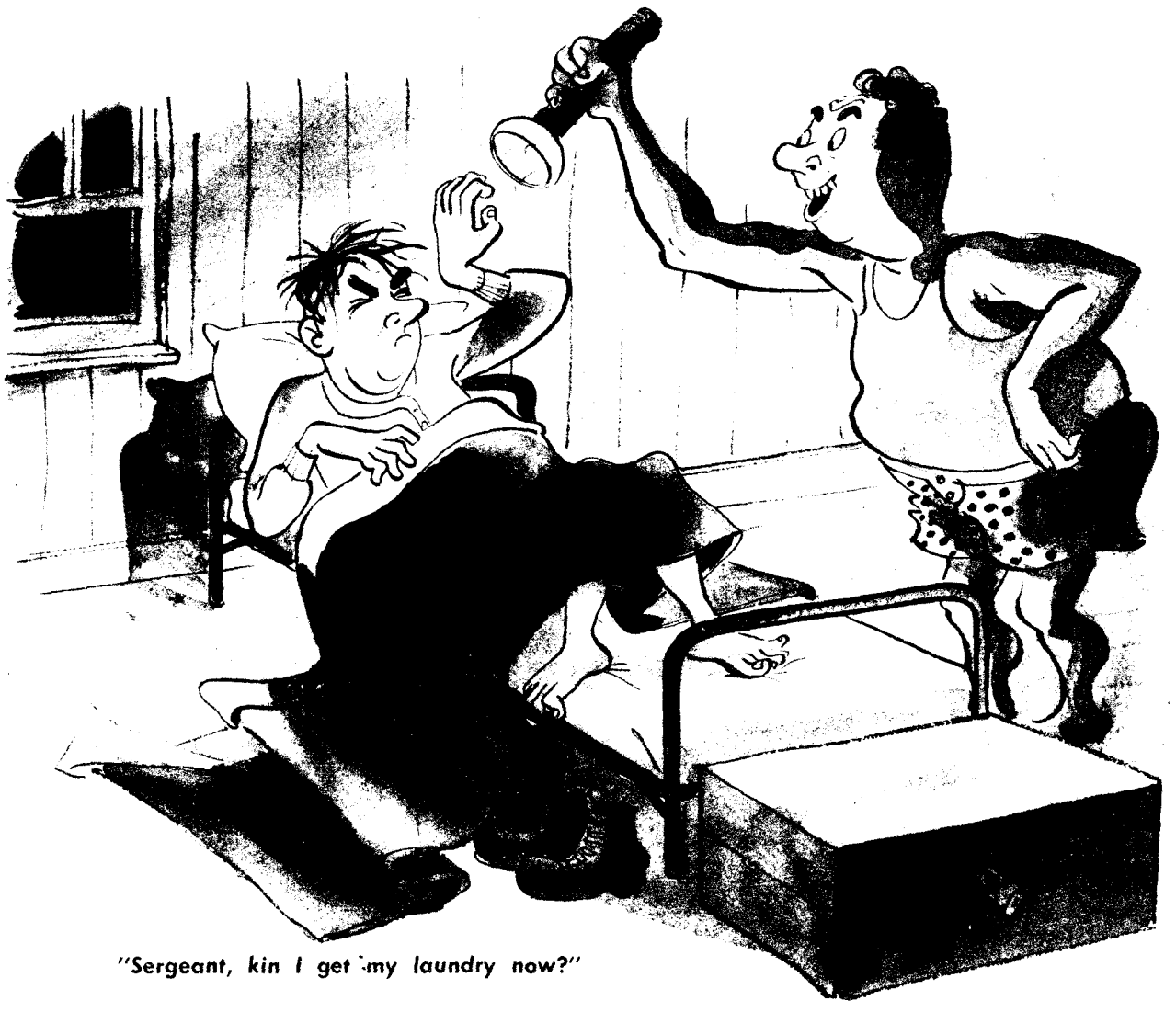
Normally, a supply sergeant's duties are to requisition, receive and check all property, clothing and equipment received and issued; prepare statements of charges for all clothing and equipment lost, damaged or destroyed; prepare reports of survey on all the above not applicable to S/Cs; to construct and maintain his supply room in a neat and orderly fashion. In his hours free from these light duties he must accept, turn in and call for enlisted men's laundry; receive articles for salvage and replace with new issue. Shoe repair and exchange or alteration of clothing are relatively minor issues. He must be able to furnish on a moment's notice any request for any article, item or service regardless of how outlandish, untimely, irrelevant or troublesome.

He is guide, philosopher, arbiter, father confessor and friend; a public servant, common carrier and, ostensibly, an affiliate of the Indigent Enlisted Men's Loan Corp. To this, the genial jerks of Company A have added the role of custom tailor and personal valet. For a bunch of pseudo-illiterates whose wardrobe prior to induction consisted mainly of two suits (blue denim)—one for week days and one for Sundays—they have suddenly developed marked sartorial ambitions. They've even reached the point where raincoats must be form fitting. That is what comes from exposing them to the back numbers of *Esquire* left lying about the day room.

I spoke lightly in passing of a statement of charges. Now, all of you are undoubtedly familiar with the quaint Army custom of show-down inspections. The two go hand in hand.

A recent inspection revealed over 40 items of equipment short, ranging from raincoats to trousers, from messkit spoons to canteen cups, not to mention approximately 20 pairs of gloves. (Some one in this camp has one hell of a lot of gloves.) I prepared the S/Cs and set forth blithely on an autograph hunt. The first man I encountered howled like an air-raid siren and loudly protested that he had the articles in his possession and brought them forth as proof. The second man proved more cooperative; he admitted the loss and confessed further losses in the interim between the show-down inspection and the typing of the S/Cs. By the time I cornered the tenth man my eyes were glazed and flecks of froth were on my lips, my body twitched like a horse pestered by flies, and maniacal shrieks of laughter rent the air. Luckily the First Sergeant, recognizing the symptoms, ordered confiscation of all axes, intrenching.

I beseech the hosts of darkness in accents loud and lewd to grant me a CDD or at least to transfer me to an outfit where they don't own anything but rifles.



"Sergeant, kin I get my laundry now?"

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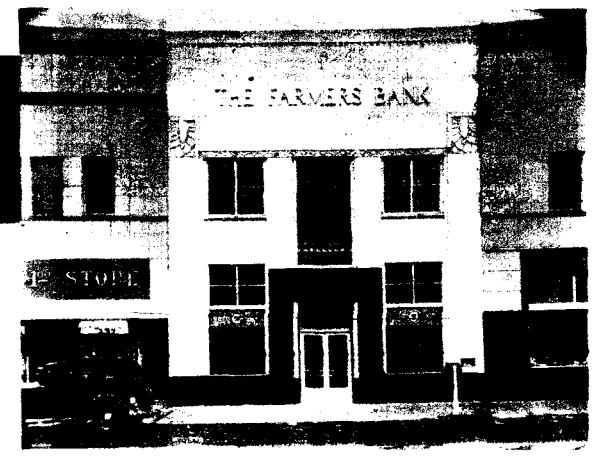
FRANKFORT, Ind.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

Soldiers overseas are always asking if their home town has changed since they've been away. So YANK decided to visit typical home towns all over the U. S. and publish a series of stories about the way they have been affected by the war. Here is Frankfort, Ind. Other places will appear in future issues. Watch for your town.



The Farmers Bank has a new modernistic front.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

FRANKFORT, IND.—Indiana is a State filled with individualists, and Frankfort, in its geographical center, is no exception.

You walk into the South Side Cigar Store & Restaurant on Clinton Street, and this immediately becomes apparent. The long, narrow room is cloudy with the smoke of tobacco and hamburger. Sprawled all over the long oak counter and wicker-seat chairs are farmers in overalls, lawyers and storekeepers in business suits, and railroad shopmen in grease-stained dungarees. Little groups are discussing, in loud deafening tones, the comparative merits of Paul V. McNutt, Wendell Willkie, and John Bricker. In the same tones, they are discussing corn, taxes, the Red Army, and fox-hunting. It is like something out of the 1890s, lacking only the cracker barrel.

I asked Ernie Lowden, the proprietor, why he had never modernized his establishment. "This is how they want it," he said, "and this is how they're going to have it. Where else can they go when they come back from market with manure up to the knees? If I prettied up the South Side, they'd open up their own place across the square."

With a town full of people like that, you rapidly become aware of the fact that not even a war can change it very much. And it hasn't changed.

Like most Indiana towns, Frankfort is laid out around a square, with the court house smack in the middle of it. The communal life of the county still revolves around this square, in a more or less normal way, despite the staggering loss of 2,000 men to the armed forces, out of a population of 14,000.

The high-school kids pour into Aughe's Drug Store every afternoon, sip cokes, and read the comic books on the front shelf from cover to cover. No one ever buys a comic book outright.

Just down the street, the Farmers Bank, scene of Indiana's most spectacular bank robbery six years ago, is prospering. Clinton County's corn, oats and tomato crops were the best in history this year, and as a result the bank was able to install a shiny, new modernistic front. Vachel Howard, as an indication, cleared $300 on 3 acres of tomatoes—and one day last fall, there was a line of farmers' tomato trucks, no less than 40 long, outside the Kemp Sun-Ray plant on West Morrison Street. Only the new soy-bean crop was bad. An early snow covered about half of the beans before they could be harvested.

Across the square, the town's bars—Roe's Tavern, the Cave, and the Marine Room—are doing extremely well, although chafing at the restrictions of the Indiana Excise Department which insists that they close at midnight and all day Sunday. The Central Pool Parlor continues to be the toughest hang-out in town. A few months ago the Rialto Theater next door closed down because of whistlings emanating from in front of the Central, directed indiscriminately at all attractive female patrons of the movie house. It developed into a question of either the Central or the theater having to go—one of those "over my dead body" controversies. The Central won.

The other two movies, the Roxy and the Clinton, are doing well, and on the whole, the social life of the town continues the same. The women play bridge, go to church, and occasionally see a show in Indianapolis or hear a lecture at nearby Purdue University. The men attend Elks and American Legion meetings, go to church, and discuss politics. The wealthier families have Sunday dinner at the Country Club. All the kids play basketball in vacant lots, with backboards set up against trees. On Saturday night and Sunday, the farmers come to town with their families, buy bags of popcorn and go to the movies. "So much popcorn is consumed in Frankfort," says Pat Croy, the manager of both theaters, "that on week ends we have to increase the volume of our sound system so the picture can be heard."

On the whole, though, the town is very conscious of the war. It is all around them. In the Woodside School there is a huge service flag with 150 stars on it. In Dippy Rogers' Pool Parlor there is a bulletin board with 65 photographs of men in uniform on it. The Ing-Rich plant, which used to make enameled table tops, is now making steel plates for tanks and thermos jugs for airplanes. The old Red Ball truck plant is now making leggings for the Army. The Nickel Plate Railroad yards have never been so busy.

Trouble was expected from the Dunkard religious community to the north of Frankfort when the Selective Service regulations were tightened up. A special ruling was secured for them, making them eligible for conscientious-objector status. But a strange thing happened. Not a single young Dunkard allowed himself to be classified as such. Some of them even came into town in their somber black suits, round hats and chin whiskers, and demanded combat service.

Sports are hard hit. Frankfort dropped out of the Indiana-Ohio professional baseball league. Transportation difficulties. And last summer the new municipal swimming pool in TPA park was almost deserted. Manpower difficulties. The high-school football team had its greatest season in 1942, winning six, tying one, and losing one; but the whole team has graduated or gone into the Army—and they probably won't be able to lick Miss Whitman's kindergarten next fall. Basketball is already feeling the pinch. The team this season has lost seven out of 10 games.

After the men were called away, the girls, too, left in droves. WAACs and war plants. High-school kids seem to be the only ones around, and they are having a tough time of it. The Aero Inn is closed. Ideal Beach is too far away. They can't get to Lover's Leap or their favorite parking spot in the trees behind the swimming pool.

So in typical Indiana fashion they have headed back to the square. They sit in the rear rows of the movie balconies, unscrew the lights overhead, and neck. Or they just park in the square.

Somehow, a Hoosier will always figure out a way of doing what he wants to do.

No customers.

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Man-and-wife team, Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw of Pittsburgh are beating the Axis with rivets in the B. & O. shops.

Jane Whiteman, Ft. Worth (Tex.) aircraft worker, fits WAAC specifications perfectly: height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 143; bust, 36.

At the University of New Hampshire's farm in Durham, girls learn about agriculture so that they can replace men.

NEWS from Home

ARIZONA
Phoenix police banned zoot suits. New attendance records were established at the annual Phoenix Rodeo. Clyde Threlkeld became editor of the Phoenix *Arizona Republic*. The Rev. Berlyn V. Farris left the pastorate of Tempe's First Methodist Church to become a Naval chaplain. A $250,000 new housing project was completed at Third Street and Weldon Avenue in Phoenix. Milk production in Arizona increased 10 percent.

COLORADO
Colorado beet growers received $1,637,000 from the Great Western Sugar Co. as first additional payment on the 1942 crop. At Denver, Mrs. Frances L. Fry, Mrs. Myrle B. Weller, Miss Sue Soerens and Alonzo Fry were killed in a bus-auto crash. The Denver Planning Commission appointed a committee to study the city's transportation problems. Plans were laid for victory gardens on every vacant lot in Denver.

IDAHO
Jerome got a $125,000 potato and onion dehydrating plant. State road crews operated around the clock to keep roads open in the Stidnite mine area near Cascade. Boise policemen were instructed to sweep streets clear of broken glass; punishment for bottle-breakers was announced. Nampa imposed a 9:30 P. M. curfew on children under 16. Gov. Bottolfsen organized a state commission to study post-war problems. Idaho stockmen were hit by labor shortages.

ILLINOIS
Jeffery Manor, an extensive private housing project at Merrill and 99th in Chicago, was formally dedicated. Chicago Presbyterians raised $1,500,000 to furnish trailer chapels for servicemen and war-industry areas. Half of Monmouth College's September enrollment is now in service. Illinois farmers pledged themselves to exceed the 1942 record crop production. Chicago's fire department answered 433 calls in one day, busiest in the city's history. Rockford jail's delouser was converted to a pressure cooker for canning food. A Monmouth farmer found a hog eating his new 1943 plastic auto license tag.

IOWA
Staggered working hours increased street-car and bus traffic in Des Moines. A fire caused $100,000 damage in Akron's business section; another at Waterloo caused $100,000 damage at the Hawkeye Steel Products Co. Charles E. Goessling of Shenandoah was elected president of the Southwestern Iowa Lumbermen's Association. Lt. Col. Luke D. Zech of the University of Nebraska became ROTC commandant at SUI, Iowa City. Iowa retail liquor sales dropped $1,000,000 a month.

MISSOURI
Fifteen hundred southeast Missouri cotton pickers returned from Arizona where they helped relieve manpower shortages. Labor unions in St. Louis fought a move to abolish the street-car and bus weekly pass system. William I. Radkay and Samuel Ricketts, two of three federal prisoners who escaped at Cincinnati, O., were captured at Kansas City after gun battles. St. Louis' municipal auditorium was named Henry W. Kiel Auditorium, for the late mayor.

MONTANA
At Helena, the legislature overran its scheduled session, stopped clocks. The annual high-school week program at Montana State College, Bozeman, was canceled. Great Falls ice-cream parlors reported a 300-percent increase in demand with supplies only 50 percent of needs.

NEBRASKA
At Herman, livestock prices were up, farm sales were numerous, and farm machinery and tools brought high prices, held down only by government ceilings. Farmers in 61 counties reported 90 percent of 1942 production as their goal for this year. Mrs. Jesus Garcia and her seven children were burned to death at Gering. Fires caused $160,000 damage at the Cornhusker ordnance plant at Grand Island, and destroyed the Cooper Milling Co. plant at Humboldt.

NEVADA
The legislature authorized Nevada counties to sue for a share of revenue received by the state from the federal government. The Office of Defense Transportation formed a state advisory board to study Nevada transportation problems. Federal aid was approved for construction of a school in Basic Magnesium Township near Las Vegas. Robert Luck of Truckee fashioned hundreds of left-handed knives for jungle fighting. Stolen from Virginia Lake near Reno, a swan.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
A proposal to remove beer and liquor local-option questions from election ballots was voted down by the House. Tilton approved Sunday movies. New Hampshire's 235 town meetings acted to reduce appropriations. Town meetings results: Berlin, Darl E. Morin elected mayor; Bow, all officials reelected; Canaan, Herbert W. Day elected selectman and John R. Taplin, treasurer; Barnstead, Charles F. Jenkins elected selectman; Bradford, Thomas R. Nolan elected selectman; Laconia, Robinson W. Smith reelected mayor; Plymouth, J. C. Peaslee elected clerk; Pittsfield, Howard A. Thorpe elected clerk.

NEW YORK
At Albany, the Senate passed a bill invalidating out-of-state divorces unless the grounds used are recognized in New York. Traffic deaths in the State declined 17.9 percent in 1942; traffic mileage dropped 22.5 percent. Vassar College at Poughkeepsie solved the labor shortage by assigning each student to one hour a day of domestic work. Buffalo Police Commissioner Cronin was fired by Mayor Kelly in the "police-station death" of John Kocemba; Inspector Cannan succeeded Cronin. Rochester's telephones now buzz a warning when over-long conversations burden war-vital wires. Buffalo police conducted an anti-jay-walking drive.

OKLAHOMA
A legislative committee heard charges that two former officials took $8,000 from Mrs. J. W. Eisminger, Oklahoma City, to obtain a parole for her husband. Oklahoma County's oat crop was damaged by a cold snap. Clifton Fox was killed at Chelsea in a dance-hall fight.

OREGON
Tax reductions were postponed until 1944 by the legislature. Lenten fast restrictions were relaxed for Catholics of the Portland diocese. Streamlined passenger trains were discontinued between Portland and Seattle, Wash. The Columbia River Packers' Association called for workers as the annual salmon run began. Fire swept 200 acres of woodland along the Salmon River in Lincoln County. Liquor drinkers were limited to two quarts of whisky and a pint of gin a week.

PENNSYLVANIA
John A. Bolster, safe cracker, arrested at Philadelphia after police traced a priority slip on one of his files, was sentenced to 20 to 40 years. District Attorney Russell H. Adams ousted county detective chief Charles W. Leith at Pittsburgh. William McCausland was charged at Erie with killing Leo Knoll in a saloon over a practical joke. William H. Davis was named fire chief at Pittsburgh to succeed Edward J. Kerr.

RHODE ISLAND
Rhode Island convicts were used to load scrap metal because of manpower shortage. Mayor Roberts of Providence left for the Navy. Fifteen hundred workers of the Esmond Mills at Esmond struck after Charles LaGreca, local president of the Textile Workers' Union, was fired, then called the strike off after he was rehired.

VERMONT
The Senate rejected a bill to import physicians to Vermont for the duration. The Poultney National Bank was closed by the federal government. An instructor and three trainees were severely injured when a commercial training plane crashed at Burlington.

WEST VIRGINIA
Farmers were asked to report their cedar trees to county agricultural agents; they're wanted for war production. Woodrow Sears of Coalburg was killed in a railway-crossing crash near Cabin Creek. The legislature restricted Sunday beer sales to the hours between 2 P. M. and midnight, turned down local option proposals. A budget was adopted reducing state expenditures. Textbooks were "frozen" for the duration. Logan adopted a 9 P. M. curfew for juveniles.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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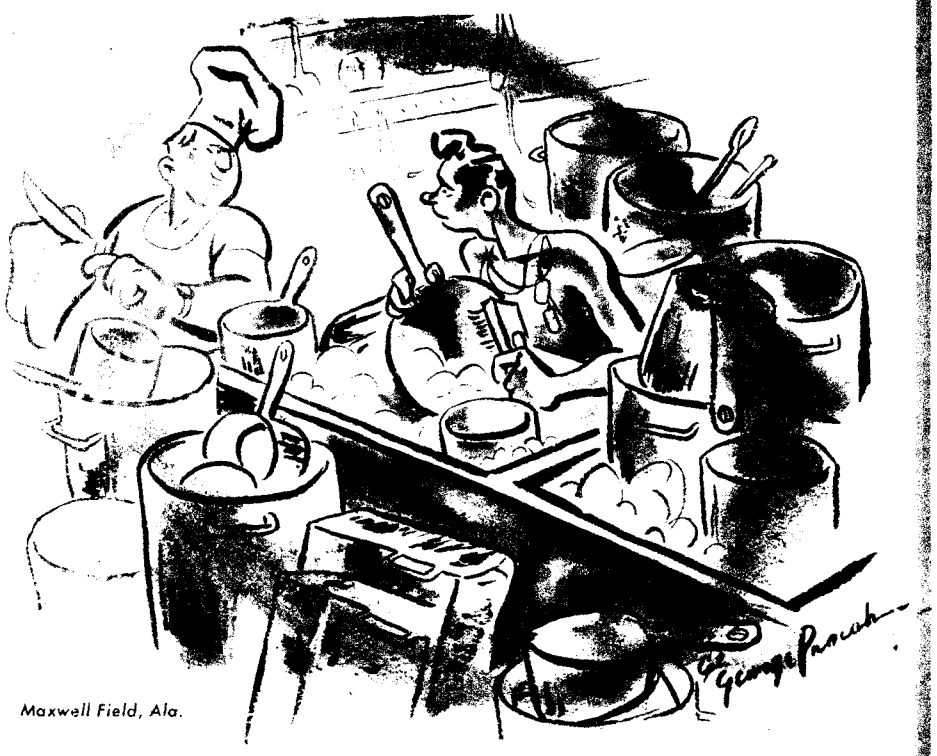
OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.



Maxwell Field, Ala.

"So I sez to the sergeant, 'Who dya think you're orderin' around?'"

Privates For Ever

SOME of the fellows in my outfit have organized a new kind of club, the PFE or Privates For Ever. Naturally, only privates can belong.

This, in a way, is our answer to the officers' clubs and sergeants' messes that are so prevalent over here. We can absolutely guarantee that ours is the only organization where a private may have privacy.

There is but one general order to memorize: No officer or noncom may apply for membership. This applies to technicians also as they are noncommissioned officers at heart.

Our group was almost wrecked before it had begun to function by a serious problem: Were PFCs eligible? Of course the PFCs fought for admission, but the issue was in doubt until they promised to forswear the stripe.

Already, so attractive is our organization, two technicians and one PFC have rid themselves of their stripes. One went briefly AWOL, another thumbed his nose at an MP, while a third simply drank himself into our membership.

We have already chosen our insignia. It will be an empty space drawn rampant on a bare sleeve.

Our executive committee has agreed on a series of medals to be awarded to deserving PFEs—for example, the Coffee Cup, presented to sleepers who miss reveille most often, and the Order of Linen for men whose laundry never came back.

So far my particular group is the only organization of its kind in the Army. We'd like to spread out. For more information fill out the attached coupon and include a bottle of beer (not GI), one ice-cream soda, and an autograph of Donald Duck. We then will mail you our booklet, "How to Preserve Your Privacy."

Our slogan is "It's No Privation To Be A Private" or "Anyway, You Can't Get Busted."

England —Pvt. JACK ZUROFSKY

FAINT HEART

The moon was yellow,
The lane was bright
As she turned to me
In the Autumn night.
And every gesture
And every glance
Gave a hint
That she craved romance.
I stammered, stuttered,
And time went by;
The moon was yellow,
And so was I.

—Pvt. EMIL COHEN

Columbia (S. C.) Army Air Base.

ASN 11334708

LIGHTS were out in our ward, and the new patient and I sat on the edge of my bed and smoked. He was a middle-aged, ordinary-looking guy and when he started to talk his voice had a curious foreign accent.

He had been in the last war, too — a private in the German Army. He was 17 when war was declared. At 6 the next morning he was in the Army, and the next day he was at the Belgian border, a rookie with a rifle he didn't know how to use.

From that day in 1914 until the Armistice four years later he fought over the battlefields of Europe. He was wounded in a little town outside Antwerp. At Rheims he blew up a French machine-gun nest, and he fought through six months at Verdun without a break. He became a soldier. He learned how to live in the filth and mud of the trenches. And he learned how to kill.

"Verdun," he said. "The High Command wanted Verdun. And we tried to get it for them. My company stormed one enemy position and then we were beaten back. When we looked around there were 17 of us left out of 250. Of course you know we never got Verdun. But God knows we tried.

"Then one day in the trenches we got our precious loaf of bread; now it was but one loaf every three days. I broke it in half and it crumbled into nothing before by eyes—*ersatz*, sawdust. It was then we first realized the war was lost.

"Funny," he said, "we didn't even know when the war ended. We were asleep. When we knew, we felt nothing but weariness and a strange peace.

"Afterward, when we came back to Berlin, we had to fight our way back into the city—our city. It was insane; at last we were at peace with our enemies, now we were at war with our own people. The young officers, the high public officials, safe behind the lines, refused to believe the war was over. They called us traitors."

He stopped and shook his head like a man coming out of a bad dream. I wanted to reach out and touch the guy.

"One war is enough for a man to fight," I said. "He shouldn't have to fight two in a lifetime."

His eyes flashed in the darkness.

"A man should be proud to fight twice a lifetime for what he believes in," he answered. "We've got to fight this war and we've got to win. You may think it strange that in the last war I fought against this country and now I fight for it. But now it is mine as well as yours. To fight as I did before was my duty. To fight now is a rare privilege, my young friend, and for that privilege I am willing gladly to die."

He paused a moment, and I felt, as though they were my very own, all the hopes and bitterness and tiny bits of happiness of the man as he said, "Those liberties you talk about, that freedom you are fighting for — believe me, I have known what it is not to have them. I tell you life is nothing, worse than nothing, without them."

I didn't answer. There was nothing to say. He had said in a few words what we all felt deep inside about this second World War. Only he said it so much better because he knew. He really knew.

—Pvt. MEYER MARCUS

Fort George G. Meade, Md.

ARE YOU WORTH ALL THIS?

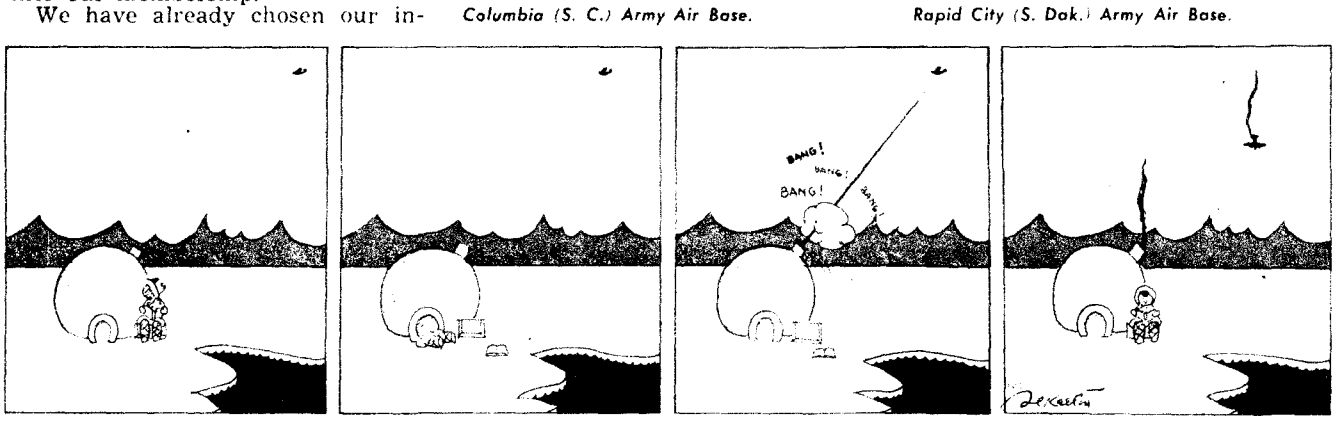
The armadillo in his armor plate,
The turtle in his carapace or shell
The porcupine, impregnable in state,
Are well protected, any fool can tell.
Thus insulated from the world I walk
A weary road, and walk it quite alone,
As in a field the last unyielding stalk
Stands to the winter winds, a thing like stone.

Such is the plight in which I find myself
Because I have been faithful, love, to you;
High up in the air, yes—'way up on the shelf—
A lifeless planet lost in heaven's blue.
Are you a queen? A dream? Are you a star?
Are you worth all this? Like hell you are!

—Pfc. WILLIAM CARTY

Rapid City (S. Dak.) Army Air Base.

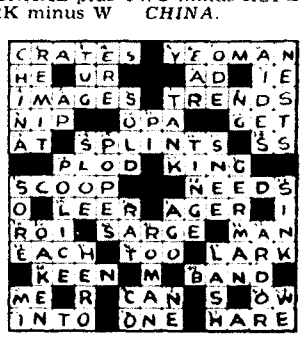
"Do you expect me to believe that, MacFarland?"



SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES

DOUBLE-PUZZLE

CHEVRON plus SPIRE minus SEVEN plus SNAKE plus TWO minus ROPE minus STORK minus W *CHINA.*



GOLF-LOG

CAMP 1. CAME 2. CARE 3. CARD 4. CORD 5. CORN 6. TORN 7. TOWN.

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SPORTS: SHORT SPORTS STORIES: HANK GREENBERG SAYS GOOD-BYE TO BASEBALL AND AN UMP CONFESSES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

LAST summer in Orlando, Fla., Sgt. Hank Greenberg took three vicious swings at some big, fat pitches and sat down. He couldn't punch the ball out of the infield.

"It's this army life," he said. "Another year of this and I'm resigned to the end of my baseball career."

The sergeant never looked bigger and more hardened in his life. He said he was in great shape.

"In a rough and tumble I think I could lick any man in the big leagues, because they have been living soft. When I was playing ball I use to squawk if the hotel matresses weren't thick enough. In the army, I've been sleeping on the ground and learning to like it. I use to pick up colds when I was playing ball and have a deuce of a time shaking 'em off. Now I'm never bothered by things like that.

"But I've got different kind of muscles, not the kind that ball players need. I'm bigger around the chest from the work and training I've had, and that interferes with your batting swing. Honest, I couldn't bring my bat around today with anything like the snap I used to have. I felt like knocking those pitches out of the lot, but I couldn't connect well. My timing was off, and my muscles wouldn't work fast enough.

"Baseball doesn't want its athletes to be too big and strong. I realize now that it wants 'em quick and supple. Ball players are fragile compared to Army men. They're trained like race horses, to run in spurts, and never mind the stamina that the Army wants. Shucks, if a ball player hits a triple, he's only got to run 270 feet from home to third. And then he rests.

"Make no mistake about it, I'll be better off physically, but I won't play a lot of baseball afterward."

Greenberg was speaking for every other ball player that has gone into the service.

In this picture Greenberg, then a sergeant at MacDill Field, Fla., said he felt like knocking the ball out of the park, but he couldn't connect. He blamed army life. Hank's now an AAF looey.

THEY'RE still telling this story on Lefty Gomez:

Last year when the Yankees were rained out in Detroit, Gomez rounded up a gang to visit Windsor, just across the river. When the customs official asked Gomez if he had anything to declare, Lefty said:

"Yes, sir, 190 pounds of dope."

The official demanded to know where it was.

"Right here," said Gomez, putting his arm around George Selkirk.

THREE Tommies poked their heads through the door of a train compartment and spotted a Georgia Cracker named Pvt. Rawlins, who was en route to his base in England.

"What about a game of poker?" sang out the Tommies.

The Cracker invited them into the compartment.

The first hand the Cracker pulled was four aces. One of the Englishmen, heeled with three kings, said, "I'll wager a pound."

The Cracker looked at his hand and gulped.

"Buddy," he said to the Tommy. "I sho' don't know this English money system, but if you bet one pound, dammit, I say *one ton!*"

A *FEW days after signing as manager of the Phillies Bucky Harris bumped into his neighbor, Bill McGowen, the American League umpire.*

"Bill, do you really think there'll be baseball this year," Bucky asked.

"Honest, Bucky, I don't know," said McGowen. "Your guess is as good as mine."

Bucky smiled.

"Yeah, I know, Bill," he said, "but you never admitted it before."

This new GI is Don Budge, whose bunk tag is still swinging at Monterey, Calif.

CPO Ace Parker, the Brooklyn Dodger who broke his leg while playing with the Portsmouth (Va.) baseball team and again while at Syracuse, is on the sick book at the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Station—with a broken leg. . . . **Pvt. Joe DiMaggio** is taking his basic at the AAF West Coast Training Center, Santa Ana, Calif. . . . The Medical Detachment bowling team at Chanute Field, Ill., wonders if their three-game score 2801 isn't tops for any service team. If any of you fellows have done better, let us hear.

OCS at Miami Beach has just pinned gold bars on **Johnny Beazley,** the Cardinal World Series hero; **Birdie Tebbetts,** the Detroit catcher, and **Kayo Lunday,** the New York Giant center. . . . **Leroy Monsky,** an All-American guard with Alabama in '37, now commands an Infantry company at Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . **Pvt. Max Baer** is the new boxing and wrestling instructor at the Sacramento (Calif.) Air Depot.

Pvt. Paul Campbell, the Red Sox outfielder, has been assigned to the Physical Training Center at Morris Field, N. C., where his boss is **Capt. Catfish Smith,** the immortal Georgia All-American end. . . . **Bobby Jones** has been boosted to a major at Mitchel Field, N. Y. . . . From Guadalcanal, **Lt. Hans Gunther,** who captained Colgate's 1939 football team, wrote: "I'd give a day's meal to know what teams played in the Rose Bowl." . . . **Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail,** the baseball Barnum, is now an assistant to Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson.

George Kurowski, whose homer in the gloaming won the series for Cardinals, was rejected by an Army induction board because of an injury to his right forearm. Kurowski told induction officers the injury was the result of a fall suffered as a child. . . . **Dominic DiMaggio,** youngest of the DiMaggio baseball family, has recovered from an eye ailment and returned to active duty as a coxswain in the Navy. Dominic, centerfielder for the Boston Red Sox, has been forced to wear glasses throughout his baseball career.

Roster of the CLEVELAND INDIANS

PITCHERS	Bats	Thrs.	Hgt.	Wgt.	Residence	1942 Club	W.	L.
Bagby, James	R	R	6:02	180	Cleveland, O.	Cleveland	17	9
Calvert, Paul	R	R	6:01	170	Montreal, Can.	Wilkes-Barre	17	7
Center, Marvin E.	R	R	6:04	190	Hazel Green, Ky.	Baltimore	13	12
Dean, Alfred	L	L	5:11	188	Mt. Airy, N. C.	Cleveland	8	11
Gromek, Stephen	R	R	6:01	170	Hamtramck, Mich.	Baltimore	4	6
Harder, Melvin	R	R	6:01	183	Cleveland, O.	Cleveland	13	14
Heving, Joseph	R	R	6:01	178	Covington, Ky.	Cleveland	5	3
Kennedy, Vernon	L	R	6:00	175	Mendon, Mo.	Cleveland	4	8
Milnar, Albert	L	L	6:02	195	Cleveland, O.	Cleveland	6	8
Naymick, Michael	R	R	6:08	204	Weirton, W. Va.	Wilkes-Barre	1	0
Poat, Raymond	R	R	6:02	190	Chicago, Ill.	Indianapolis	15	8
Reynolds, Allie	R	R	6:00	195	Bethany, Okla.	Wilkes-Barre	18	7
Salveson, John	R	R	6:01	205	Bronxville, N. Y.	Oakland	24	12
Smith, Alfred	L	L	5:11	188	Webster Groves, Mo.	Cleveland	10	15
CATCHERS							**B.A.**	**F.A.**
Denning, Otto	R	R	6:00	180	Chicago, Ill.	Cleveland	.210	.992
Desautels, Eugene	R	R	5:10	180	Southbridge, Mass.	Cleveland	.247	.975
Rosar, Warren	R	R	5:09	185	Buffalo, N. Y.	New York	.230	.996
Susce, George	R	R	6:00	200	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Cleveland	1.000	1.000
INFIELDERS								
Boudreau, Louis	R	R	5:11	163	Harvey, Ill.	Cleveland	.283	.965
Fleming, Leslie	L	L	5:10	185	Beaumont, Tex.	Cleveland	.292	.993
Freiburger, Vernon	R	L	6:01	170	Detroit, Mich.	Cedar Rapids	.301	.990
Keltner, Kenneth	R	R	6:00	180	Milwaukee, Wis.	Cleveland	.287	.945
Mack, Raymond	R	R	6:00	200	Cleveland, O.	Cleveland	.225	.969
Peters, Russell	R	R	5:11	165	Roanoke, Va.	Cleveland	.224	.944
Sczepkowski, Theodore	L	R	5:11	180	Baltimore, Md.	Baltimore	.229	.961
OUTFIELDERS								
Edwards, Henry	L	L	6:00	190	Norwalk, O.	Baltimore	.266	.968
Gaffke, Fabian	R	R	5:10	190	Milwaukee, Wis.	Cleveland	.164	1.000
Heath, Geoffrey	L	R	5:11	190	Seattle, Wash.	Cleveland	.278	.980
Hockett, Oris	L	R	5:09	180	Dayton, O.	Cleveland	.250	.980
Cullenbine, Roy	R	R	6:01	185	Detroit, Mich.	St. Louis, Wash., N. Y.	.276	.959

BURT SHOTTON—Coach. LOU BOUDREAU—Manager. DEL BAKER—Coach.

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST

NAVY—Horace Brightman, Jack Conway, Robert Feller, Thomas Ferrick, Richard Klein, Robert Lemon, William E. Robinson.

ARMY—Clarence Campbell, Vernon Kahler, Colonel B. Mills, Franklin Schulz, Elmer Sidlo, Bryan Stephens.

COAST GUARD—James Hegan, Ralph Weigel.

CANADIAN ARMY—Joseph Krakauskas.

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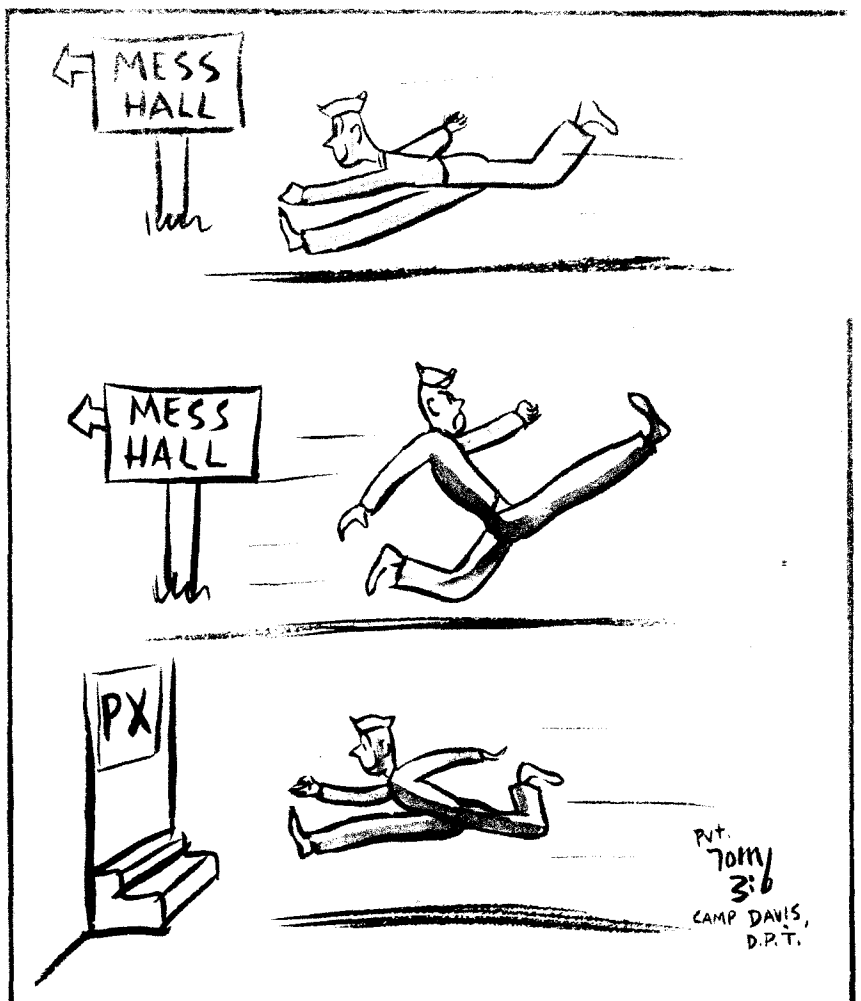

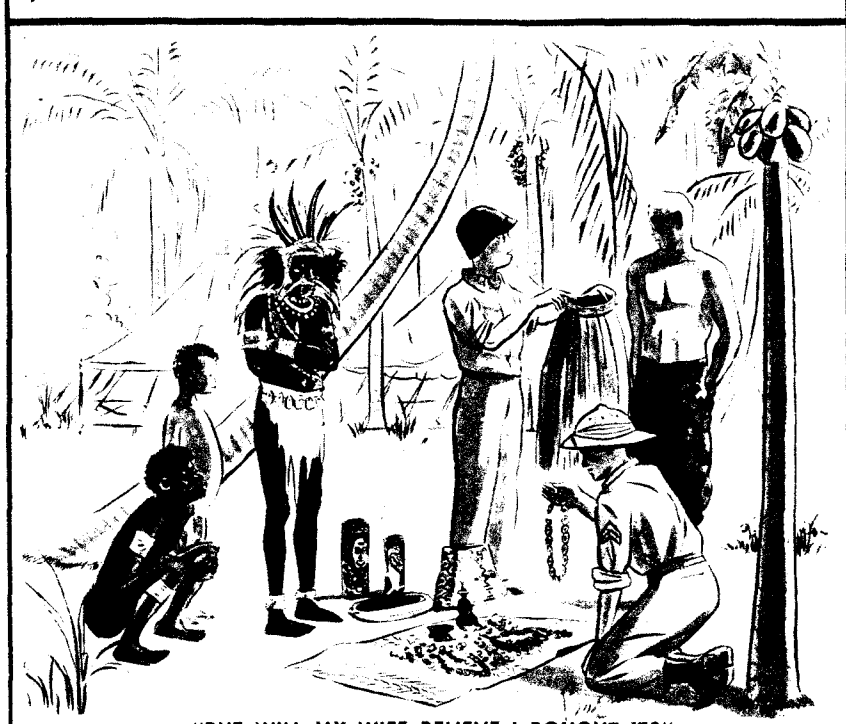

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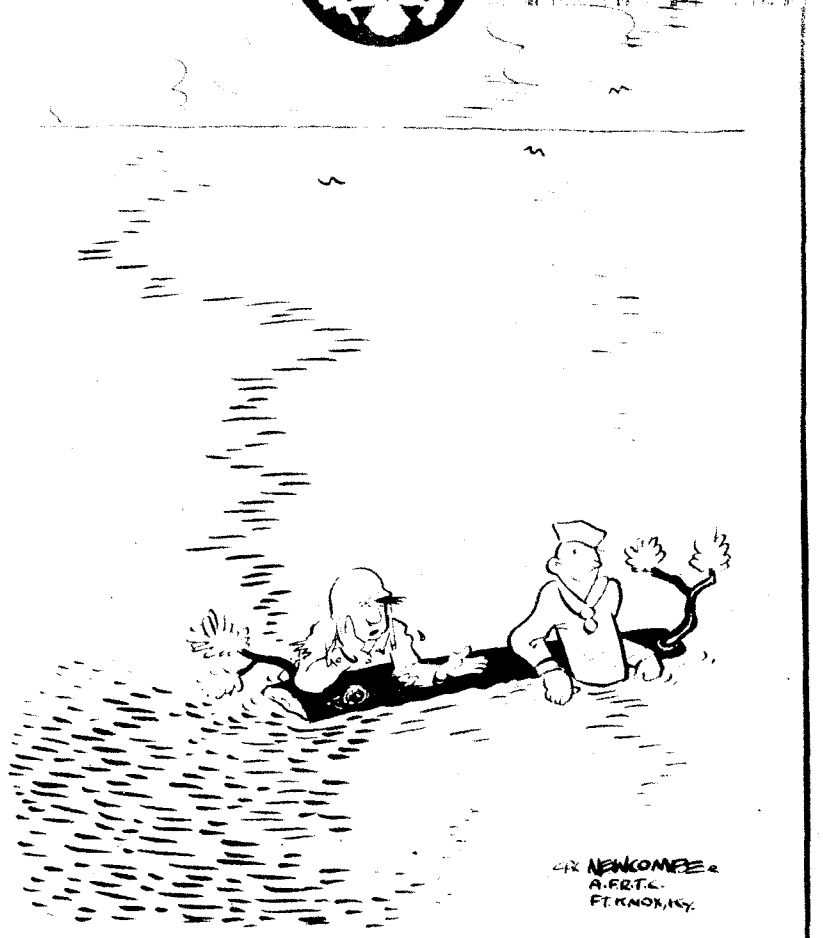

"I'LL TAKE MUD ANY DAY!"

"THERE HE GOES, BUCKING FOR ANOTHER STAR."

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